

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON

PART II.

WITH
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY
F. J. ROWE M.A.
AND
W. T. WEBB M.A.

PROFESSORS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, CALCUTTA

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION,

By F. J. ROWE, M.A., AND W. T. WEBB, M.A.,

PROFESSORS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

Biography. I Tennyson the man : (1) His sense of Law shown in his conceptions (a) of Nature, (b) of Freedom, (c) of Love, (d) of Science. (2) His nobility of thought. (3) His simplicity of emotion. II Tennyson the Poet : (1) As Representative of his Age. (2) As Artist. (a) His observation, (b) His scholarship; (c) His expressiveness. (d) His avoidance of commonplace; (e) His metrical characteristics—harmony of rhythm, melody of diction—Conclusion.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, was born on August 6th, Biography
1809, at Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, of which his father was rector. The wolds surrounding his home, the fen some miles away, with its "level waste" and "trenched waters," and the sea on the Lincolnshire coast, with "league-long rollers" and "table-shore," are pictured again and again in his poems.

When seven years old, he went to the Louth Grammar School, and returning home after a few years there, was educated with his elder brother Charles by his father. Charles and Alfred Tennyson, while yet youths, published in 1827 a small volume of poetry entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*. In 1828 the two brothers entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where Alfred gained the University Chancellor's gold medal for a poem on *Timbuctoo*, and where he formed an intimate friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam (son of the historian),

whose memory he has immortalised in *In Memoriam*. Among his other Cambridge friends may be mentioned R. C. Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), J. M. Kemble (the Anglo-Saxon scholar), Merivale (the historian, afterwards Dean of Ely), James Spedding, and W. H. Brookfield. In 1830 Tennyson published his *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, among which are to be found some sixty pieces that are preserved in the present issues of his works. In 1832 *Poems by Alfred Tennyson* appeared, and then, after an interval of ten years, two more volumes, also with the title *Poems*. His reputation as a poet was now established, though his greatest works were yet to come. Chief among these are *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Maud* (1855), *Idylls of the King* (1859-1885), and *Enoch Arden* (1864). In 1875 Tennyson published his first drama, *Queen Mary*, followed by *Harold* (1877), *The Cup* (acted in 1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), *The Falcon*, and *Becket* (1884). On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as Poet Laureate. In 1874, he was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, his two seats in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight. He died on October 6th, 1892.

I. Of all modern English poets Tennyson has most readers: the chief elements of the powerful charm which he exercises over the hearts and minds of all English-speaking peoples will be evident on even a brief survey of the character of his mind as revealed in his works, and of the form and matter of his verse. At the basis of all Tennyson's teaching, indeed of all his work, is Tennyson the man. The mould of a poet's mind is the mould in which his thoughts and even his modes of

expression must run, and the works of a poet cannot be fully understood unless we understand the poet himself.

1 Conspicuous among the main currents of thought and feeling that flow through the body of his writings is his perception of the movement of Law throughout the worlds of sense and of spirit: he recognises therein a settled scheme of great purposes underlying a universal order and gradually developing to completion.

(a) Illustrations of this recognition of pervading Law may be found in his conception of Nature, and in his treatment of human action and of natural scenery. Nature, which to Shelley was a spirit of Love, and to Wordsworth a living and speaking presence of Thought, is to Tennyson a process of Law including both. Even in the midst of his mourning over the seeming waste involved in the early death of his friend, he can write in *In Memoriam*

I curse not nature, no, nor death,
For nothing is that errs from law

In all the workings of Nature he traces the evolution of the great designs of God—

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves

In *The Higher Pantheism*, a similar thought is found.

God is law, say the wise; O soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law, the thander is yet His voice.

(b) Allied to this faith that the universe is "roll'd round by one first law" is the poet's sympathy with disciplined

order in the various spheres of human action. In politics his ideal Freedom is "sober-suited"; it is such a Freedom as has been evolved by the gradual growth of English institutions, a Freedom which

slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

He has small faith in sudden outbursts of revolutionary fervour; he thinks that the "red fool fury of the Seine," the "flashing heats" of the "frantic city," retard man's progress towards real liberty: they "but fire to blast the hopes of men." If liberty is to be a solid and lasting possession, it must be gained by patient years of working and waiting, not by "Raw Haste, half-sister of Delay." So also Tennyson's love for his own country is regulated and philosophic: he has given us a few patriotic martial lyrics that stir the living blood "like a trumpet call," as *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and *The Revenge*, but in the main his patriotism is founded on admiration for the great "storied past" of England. Though in youth he triumphs in "the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be," yet neither in youth nor in age is he himself without some sympathy with a distrust of the new democratic forces which may end in "working their own doom:"

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known
to all,
Step by step we rose to greatness—thro' the tonguesters we
may fall.

(c) Again, in his conception of the passion of Love, and in his portraiture of Womanhood, the same spirit of reverence and self-control animates Tennyson's verse. Love,

in Tennyson, is a pure unselfish passion. Even the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere is described from a spiritual standpoint, in its evil effects rather than in its sensuous details. His highest ideal of love is found in the pure passion of wedded life: true love can exist only under the sanction of Duty and of reverence for womanhood and one's higher self; and such love is the source of man's loftiest ideas, and inspires his noblest deeds.

(d) Lastly, Tennyson's appreciation of Order is illustrated in his treatment of natural scenery. He gives us scenes of savage grandeur, as in

the monstrous belges steep and still
Their thousand wreaths of danging water smoke,

but he oftener describes still English landscapes, the "homes of ancient peace," with "platted alleys" and "terrace-lawn," "long, gray fields," "traces of pasture sunny warm," and all the ordered quiet of rural life.

2. A second great element of Tennyson's character is its noble tone. This pervades every poem he has ever written. His verse is informed with the very spirit of Honour, of Duty, and of Reverence for all that is pure and true.

3. Another main characteristic of Tennyson is simplicity. The emotions that he appeals to are common and easy to understand and common to all. He avoids the subtle analysis of character, and the painting of complex motives or of the wild excesses of passion. The moral laws which he so strongly upholds are those primary sanctions upon which average English society is founded. A certain Puritan simplicity and a scholarly restraint pervade the mass of his work.

It is on these foundations of Order, Nobility, and Simplicity that Tennyson's character is built.

II. Turning now to the matter or substance of his poems, we note, first, that the two chief factors of Tennyson's popularity are that he is a representative English poet, and that he is a consummate Artist.

In the great spheres of human thought—in religion, in morals, in social life—his poems reflect the complex tendencies of his age and his surroundings. Not, it may be, the most advanced ideas, not the latest speculation, not the transient contentions of the hour; but the broad results of culture and experience upon the poet's English contemporaries. The ground of Tennyson's claim to be considered a representative of his age is seen in the lines of thought pursued in some of those more important poems which deal with the great problems and paramount interests of his times. The poems cover a period of fifty years, and must be considered in the order of their publication. In *Locksley Hall*, published in 1842, the speaker, after giving vent to his own tale of passion and regret, becomes the mouth-piece of the young hopes and aspirations of the Liberalism of the early Victorian era, while in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, the doubts and distrust felt by the Conservatism of our own times find dramatic utterance. *The Princess* deals with a question of lasting interest to society, and one which has of late years risen into more conspicuous importance, the changing position and proper sphere of Woman. In *The Palace of Art* the poet describes and condemns a spirit of aestheticism whose sole religion is the worship of Beauty and Knowledge for their own sakes, and which ignores human

responsibility and obligations to one's fellow-men: while in *St. Simeon Stylites*, the poet equally condemns the evils of a self-centred religious asceticism which despises the active duties of daily life. *The Vision of Sin* is a picture of the perversion of nature and of the final despair which attend the pursuit of sensual pleasure. *The Two Voices* illustrates the introspective self-analysis with which the age discusses the fundamental problem of existence, finding all solutions vain except those dictated by the simplest voices of the conscience and the heart. The poet's great work, *In Memoriam*, is the history of a tender human soul confronted with the stern, relentless order of the Universe and the seeming waste and cruelty of Death. The poem traces the progress of sorrow from the Valley of Death, over-shadowed by the darkness of unspeakable loss, through the regions of philosophic doubt and meditation to the serene heights of resignation and hope, where Faith and Love can triumph over Death in the confident hope of a life beyond, and over Doubt by the realisation

That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end

Mawl is dated at the conclusion of that long period of peace which preceded the Crimean War, when the commercial prosperity of England had reached a height unknown before, and when "Britain's sole god" was the millionaire. The poem gives a dramatic rendering of the revolt of a cultured mind against the hypocrisy and corruptions of a society degraded by the worship of Mammon, though the hero inherits a vein of insanity

and speaks too bitterly. The teaching of Tennyson's longest, and in many respects greatest, poem—the spreading mischief of a moral taint—is discussed at length in the Introduction to *The Coming of Arthur and the Passing of Arthur*.¹ Here too Tennyson expresses one of the deepest convictions of his time.

But if Tennyson's popularity is based upon a correspondence between his own reverence for Law and the deepest foundations of English character, it is based no less upon his delicate power as an Artist. Among the elements of this power may be mentioned a minute observation of Nature which furnishes him with a store of poetic description and imagery; a scholarly appreciation of all that is most picturesque in the literature of the past; an exquisite precision in the use of words and phrases; an avoidance of the commonplace; the expressive harmonies of his rhythm, and the subtle melody of his diction.

(a) For minute observation and vivid painting of the details of natural scenery Tennyson is without a rival. We feel that he has seen all that he describes. This may be illustrated by a few examples of his tree-studies:—

hair

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides three-fold to show the fruit within

(*The Brook*)

those eyes

Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March

(*The Gardener's Daughter*)

¹ Macmillan and Co.

With blasts that blow the poplar white
(*In Memoriam*)

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
(*Maul*)

a stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes,
Clutch'd at the crag (*The Last Tournament*).

We may also notice the exactness of the epithets in "perky larches," "dry-tongu'd laurels," "pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores," "laburnums, dropping-wells of fire."

Equally exact are his descriptions of scientific phenomena :—

Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course till thou wert also man (*The Two Voices*)

Still, as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shado
Sleeps on his luminous ring (*The Palace of Art*)

This accurate realisation of scientific facts is often of service in furnishing apt illustrations of moral truths or of emotions of the mind :—

Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears
That grief has shaken into frost (*In Memoriam*)

Prayer, from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea.
(*Enoch Arden*)

(b) Allusions to the Classics of more than one land may be found in Tennyson. Lines and expressions would seem sometimes to be suggested by the Greek or

(c) His ar-
lanship

Latin poets, and in these the translation is generally so happy a rendering of the original as to give an added grace to what was already beautiful. Illustrations of this characteristic will be found among the Notes at the end of this volume. There is occasionally a reconditeness about these allusions which may puzzle the general reader. For example, in the lines

And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo (*In Memoriam*)

where the reference is to the projection of the frontal bone above the eye-brows noticeable in the portraits of Michael Angelo and of Arthur Hallam, a peculiarity of shape said to indicate strength of character and mental power. Similarly in

Proxy-wedded with a bootless calf (*The Princess*)

we find an allusion to an old ceremony of marriage by proxy, where an ambassador or agent representing the absent bridegroom, after taking off his boot, placed his leg in the bridal bed.

express- (c) We may next note Tennyson's unequalled power of finding single words to give at a flash, as it were, an exact picture. What he has written of Virgil's art is equally true of his own, which offers us

All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word.

This power of fitting the word to the thought may be seen in the following examples: "*creamy spray*"; "*lily maid*"; "*the ripple washing in the reeds*" and "*the*

wild water lapping on the crag"; "the dying ebb that faintly lipp'd the flat red granite"; "as the fiery Sirius bickers into red and emerald"; "women blow'd with health and wind and rain."

(d) Possessing such a faculty of appropriate expression, the poet naturally avoids the commonplace: Tennyson not only rigidly excludes all otiose epithets and stop-gap phrases, but often, where other writers would use some familiar, well-worn word, he selects one less known but equally true and expressive. He has a distinct fondness for good old Saxon words and expressions, and has helped to rescue many of these from undeserved oblivion. Thus, for the "skinflint" of common parlance he substitutes (in *Talking to the Mail*) the "flayflint" of Ray's *Proverbs*; in place of "blindman's buff" is found the older "hoodman blind" (*In Memoriam*); for "village and cowshed" he writes "thorpe and byre" (*The Victim*), while in *The Brook* the French "cricket" appears as the Saxon "grig." Other examples might be quoted, e.g., *lurdane*, *rathe*, *plash*, *brewis*, *thrall'd*, *boles*, *quitch*, *reckling*, *roky*, *yassingale*. Occasionally he prefers a word of his own coinage, as *longuester*, *selfless*. This tendency to avoid the commonplace is noticeable not only in separate words, but in the rendering of ideas, a poetic dress being given to prosaic details by a kind of stately circumlocution: thus in *The Princess* the hero's northern birthplace is indicated by his telling us that "on my cradle shone the Northern star"; and to describe the hour before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea, the poet writes:

Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave

stri-
cter.

(e) Lastly, if we examine the metrical characteristics of Tennyson's poetry, we observe that the sense of majestic order and gradual development pervading the substance of his poems is not more conspicuous than is the sense of music which governs the style of his versification. He knows all the secrets of harmonious rhythm and melodious diction; he has re-cast and polished his earlier poems with such minute and scrupulous care that he has at length attained a metrical form more perfect than has been reached by any other poet. Several illustrations of the delicacy of his sense of metre are pointed out in the Notes. A few more examples may be here quoted to show how frequently in his verse the sound echoes the sense. This is seen in his Representative Rhythms:

ony
"

(a) The first syllable or half-foot of a line of blank verse is often accented and cut off from the rest of the line by a pause, to indicate some sudden emphatic action or startling sight or sound, breaking the flow of the narrative:

his arms

Clash'd: and the sound was good to Gareth's ear

(*Gareth and Lynette*)

Charm'd, till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come (Ib.)

Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive

(*Lancelot and Elaine*)

Flash'd, and he call'd, 'I fight upon thy side'

(*Pelleas and Ettarre*)

Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the leaf

(Ib.)

Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave

Drops flat

(*The Last Tournament*).

Occasionally the whole first foot is thus cut off :

made his horse
Caracole : then bowed his homage, bluntly saying
(*The Last Tournament*)

Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying : and in the stream beneath him shone
(*Gareth and Lynette*)

(β) Action rapidly repeated is represented by an unusual number of unaccented syllables in one line. Thus we almost hear the rush of waters in such lines as

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn (*The Princess*)

Of some precipitous rivulet to the sea (*Enoch Arden*)

while the rapid warble of song-birds sounds through

Melody on branch and melody in mid-air
(*Gareth and Lynette*).

(γ) Contrast with the above the majestic effect produced by the sustained rhythm and the broad vowel sounds in

By the long wash of Australasian seas (*The Brook*)

The league-long roller thundering on the reef
(*Enoch Arden*).

(δ) Variations from the usual iambic regularity of blank verse, attained by placing the accent on the first instead of the second half-foot, are introduced, often to represent intermittent action, as in

Down the long tower stairs hesitating
(*Lancelot and Elaine*).

ody
on. Tennyson's sense of music is equally conspicuous in the melody of his diction. The mere sound of his words and phrases lingers in the brain, apart from any meaning, as the echoes of a musical cadence linger along a vaulted roof. This is in the main due to his selection of melodious vowels and liquid consonants, and also to his skilful use of alliteration. Examples are everywhere :

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees (The Princess)

As 'twere a hundred throated nightingale,
The strong tempestuous treble throb'd and palpitated
(The Vision of Sin)

The long low dune and lazy plunging sea
(The Last Tournament)

Breast-high in that bright line of bracken stood
(Pelleas and Elarre)

All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone
Through every hollow cave and alley lone
(The Lotus Eaters).

In double words initial alliteration is conspicuous:—"breaker-beaten," "flesh-fall'n," "gloomy-gladed," "lady-laden," "mock-meek," "point-painted," "rain-rotten," "storm-strengthen'd," "tongue-torn," "work-wan." We also find "slowly-mellowing," "hollower-bellowing," "ever-veering," "heavy-shotted hammock-shroud." In no English poet, perhaps only in Homer and Virgil, is this kinship of poetry and music so evident as in Tennyson.

Such is Tennyson, and such his lyric and his narrative Conclusion.
poetry. In these lies his strength. His three historical dramas, *Harold*, *Becket*, and *Queen Mary*, are full of deep research and vivid character-painting. *Queen Mary*, *The Cup*, *The Falcon*, and *The Promise of May* have been placed on the stage.¹ His lyrical poems, his *In Memoriam*, and his *Idylls*, have become an integral part of the literature of the world, and so long as purity and loftiness of thought expressed in perfect form have power to charm, will remain a possession for ever.

to recognise the many magnificent situations that occur throughout his dramatic works. It is interesting to remember that Robert Browning used to point out the scene of the oath over the saint's bones in *Harold*, as a marvellously actable scene, and that he expressed his admiration of the dramatic qualities of *Queen Mary*.

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

ENONE. 6

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ioman hills
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roar
 The long brook falling-thro' the clov'n ravine :
 In cataract after cataract to the sea
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus , , ,
 Stands up and takes the morning but in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal A ,
 Troas and Iliou's column'd citadel,
 The crown of Troas

Hither came at noon

Mournful Enone, wandering forlorn
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
 Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
 Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill :
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass :
 The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
 Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
 The purple flower droops : the golden bee
 Is lily-eradled : I alone awake.
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
 My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
 And I am all aweary of my life.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
 That house the cold crown'd snake ! O mountain
 I am the daughter of a River-God, *and he is*
 Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
 My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
 Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
 A cloud that gather'd shape : for it may be
 That, while I speak of it, a little while
 My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 I waited underneath the dawning hills, *on the hills*
 Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy dark, *and the*
 And dewy dark aloft the mountain pine :
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-ho
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft :

Far up the solitary morning ^{snote}
 The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
 I sat alone : white-breasted like a star
 Fronting the dawn he moved ; a leopard skin
 Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
 Cluster'd about his temples like a God's :
 And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
 That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
 And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
 Came down upon my heart.

"My own CEnone,
 Beautiful-brow'd CEnone, my own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming ring ingrav'n is
 'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine.
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
 ^ The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grave
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows."

"And all the ill-faced presence of the Gods
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus, whereupon
 Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice . . .
 That . . ."

Mayst well behold them unbelied, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

It was the deep midnight : one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the croëns brake like fire, *lil*
Violet, amaraens, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies : and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine, *lil*
This way and that, in many a wild festoon *lil*
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.

On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit, *lil*
And o'er him flow'd a golden clond, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, "from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore.
Honour," she said, "and homage, tax and toll, *lil*
From many an inland town and haxen large, *lil*
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel *lil*
In glassy bays among her tallest towers."

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.

Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
"Which in all action is the end of all ;

Should come most welcome, seeing men, in part.

Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd

Rest in a happy place and quiet seats

{ Above the thunder, with undying bliss /

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{ In knowledge of their own supremacy."

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

She ceased, and Paris held the crowdy fruit

Out at arm's-length, so much the thought:

Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas, where she

Somewhat apart, her clear and lured looks

Overthwarted with the transverberated spear

Upon her pearly shoulder became old

The while, above, her full and surging eye

Over her snow-white breast and sunny cheek

Kept watch, waiting divine, man's reply.

"* Self-reverence, self-interest, self-love

These three alone lead life to utter ruin

Yet not for power, power is earned

Would some would'd say, but it is by law

Acting the law we live by with no fear:

And, because right is right, so false is right

Were wisdom in the words of consequence."

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

Again she said: "I was there ere with you

Squel of guerdon could not alter me

To favour. Judge then me by what I am,

So shall thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,

If gazing on divinity directed

Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
 Unbias'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
 So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
 To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
 Commensure perfect freedom."

Here she ceased,

And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, "O Paris,
 Give it to Pallas!" but he heard me not,
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Italian Aphroditè beautiful,
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
 With rosy slender fingers backward drew
 From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
 And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
 Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
 Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
 The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
 Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise thee
 The fairest and most loving wife in Greece."
 She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
 But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
 And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
 As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
 And I was left alone within the bower;

And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

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'Yet, mother Iba, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simons.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy led
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark no
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley Never, never more
Shall lone Clione see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them, never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trampling st.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds
Among the fragments tumbled from the gleans,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Pelesian banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change, that I mig'

And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die.

Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev’n on this land, and sitting on this stone?
Seal’d it with kisses? water’d it with tears?

230

O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

2

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die.

I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father’s eyes!

2

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die.

Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go

Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.'

260

THE PALACE OF ART.

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell
I said, 'O Soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well'

A huge crag platform, smooth as lurnish'd b
I chose. The rang'd ramparts bright
From level meadow-bases of deep grass
Suddenly scaled the light

Thereon I built it firm Of ledge or shelf &
The rock rose clear, or winding stair
My soul would live alone unto herself
In her high palace there

And 'while the world runs round and round,
Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
Still as whale Saturn whirls his steadfast shroud
Sleeps on his luminous ring

To which my soul made answer ready
'Trust me, in bliss I shall abide

In this great mansion, that is built for me,

So royal-rich and wide.' *W. G. L. 1870.*

20

* * * *

Four courts I made, East, West and South and North.

In each a squared lawn, wherefrom
The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth *1870*
A flood of fountain-foam. *W. G. L. 1870*

And round the cool green courts, there ran a row
Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow *1870*
Of spouted fountain-floods. *W. G. L. 1870*

And round the roofs a gilded gallery *1870*
That lent broad verge to distant lands, *1870*
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell
Across the mountain stream'd below
In misty folds, that floating as they fell
Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high on every peak a statue seem'd *1870*
To hang on tiptoe, tossing up
A cloud of incense of all odour steam'd
From out a golden cup.

So that she thought, 'And who shall gaze upon
My palace with unblinded eyes, *1870*
While this great bow will waver in the sun,
And that sweet incense rise?'

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd,
 And, while day sank or mounted higher,
 The light aerial gallery, golden-rai'd,
 Burnt like a fringe of fire *margin, - life*

Lakewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced,
 Would seem, slow-flaming crimson fires
 From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced, *dark interior - arches on floor of shell*
 And tip'd with frost-like spires. *the*

table of light darkness and rail
galls its which the soul of
 Full of long-sounding corridors it was, *was grateful*
 That over-vaulted grateful glooms, *pleasant living*
 Thro' which the luv'long day my soul did pass,
 Well-pleased, from room to room

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
 All various, each a perfect whole *rounded beautifully*
 From living Nature, fit for every mood *decorations refine*
 And change of my still soul *and of the*

For some were hung, with arras green and blue
 Showing a gandy summer-moor,
 Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
 His wreathed bugle-horn *(Cuck)*

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
 And some one pacing there alone,
 Who paced for ever in a glimmering land, *dark light*
 Lit with a low large moon

very coloured his will a sea
 One show'd an iron coast and angry waves. *by*
 You seem'd to hear them clash and fall

And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with stones and s
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful
And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,
As fit for every mood of mind,
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there
Not less than truth design'd.

* * * * *

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sandlonyx
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

THE PALACE OF ART.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea, ✓
 Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
 Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
 An angel look'd at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise .
 A group of Honris bow'd to see
 The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
 That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son ✓,
 In some fair space of sloping greens
 Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
 And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
 To list a foot-fall, ere he saw ✓ 110
 The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear 111
 Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engraill'd,
 And many a tract of palm and rice,
 The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd
 A summer fann'd with spice

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,
 From off her shoulder backward borne
 From one hand droop'd a crocus one hand grasp'd
 The mild bull's golden horn 1

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh ^f
 Half-buried in the Eagle's down,
 Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
 Above the pillard town. *Ther*

Nor these alone : but every legend fair
 Which the supreme Caucasian mind
 Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
 Not less than life, design'd.

* * * *
 * * * *

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,
 Moved of themselves, with silver sound ; 130
 And with choice paintings of wise men I hung
 The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong, *Ang*
 Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild ; *huck*
 And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song
 And somewhat grimly smiled. *Shak.*

And there the Ionian father of the rest ;
 A million wrinkles carved his skin ;
 A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,
 From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set *huck*
 Many an arch high up did lift,
 And angels rising and descending met
 With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
 With eyes of the human tale
 Of this wide world, the times of every land
 So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
 Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings ;
huck

Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick man decline
And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod and those great bells
Began to chime. She took her throne.
She sat betwixt the shining Oriels,
To sing her songs alone

And thro' the topmost Oriels' coloured flame
Two godlike faces gazed below;
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam, ⁷
The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their motion were
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair
In diverse raiment strange

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, b
Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, dre
Rivers of melodies

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echo'd song
Thro' thro' the ribbed stone,

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,

Nor these alone : but every legend fair
 Which the supreme Caucasian mind
 Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
 Not less than life, design'd.

* * * *

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,
 Moved of themselves, with silver sound ; 130
 And with choicee paintings of wise men I hung
 The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong, *Angel*
 Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild ; *hero*
 And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,
 And somewhat grimly smiled. *slowly*

And there the Ionian father of the rest ;
 A million wrinkles carved his skin ;
 A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,
 From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set *high*
 Many an arch high up did lift,
 And angels rising and descending met
 With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
 With cycles of the human tale
 Of this wide world, the times of every land
 So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
 Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings ; 1

Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick man declined,
And trosted any cure.

But over these she trod - and those great bells
Began to chime. She took her throne:
She sat betwixt the slining Oriels,
To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost Oriels' coloured flame
Two godlike faces gazed below;
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their motion were
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair
In diverse raiment strange

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blo
Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echo'd song
Throb thro' the ribbed stone,

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,

Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,
 Lord of the senses five;

180

Communing with herself: 'All these are mine,
 And let the world have peace or wars,
 'Tis one to me.' She—when young night divine
 Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils—
 Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
 And pure quintessences of precious oils
 In hollow'd moons of gems,

To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands and er
 'I marvel if my still delight
 In this great house so royal-rich, and wide,
 Be flatter'd to the height.

'O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
 O shapes and hues that please me well!
 O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
 My Gods, with whom I dwell!

'O God-like isolation which art mine,
 I can but count thee perfect gain,
 What time I watch the darkening droves of s
 That range on yonder plain.

'In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
 They graze and wallow, breed and sleep;
 And oft some brainless devil enters in,
 And drives them to the deep.'

Then of the moral instinct would she prate
 And of the rising from the dead,

As hers by right of fullness and of Fire,
And at the last she said:

'I take possession of man's mind and soul
I care not what the ~~sees may think~~
I sit as God holding no form of creed
But contemplating all'

: : : :

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
And intellectual throne.

And so she throve and prosper'd : so three years
She prosper'd : on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

220

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
God, before whom ever he laye
The abysmal deeps of Personality,
Plagued her with sore despair

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight
The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote, 'Mene, mene,' and divined quite
The kingdom of her thought

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which madd was born
Scorn of herself : again, from out that mad
Laughter at her self-worn.

221

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

'What! is not this my place of strength,' she said,
'My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid
Since my first memory?'

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes; and unawares
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares, 241

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore; that hears all night 250
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance
Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd.
'No voice,' she shriek'd in that lone hall,
'No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world :
One deep, deep silence all!' 260

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering soil,
 Inwapt tenfold in slothful shame,
 Lay there exiled from eternal God,
 Lost to her place and name;

And death and life she hated equally,
 And nothing saw, for her despair,
 But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
 No comfort anywhere;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
 And ever worse with growing time,
 And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
 And all alone in crime

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
 With blackness as a solid wall,
 Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound
 Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking alone
 In doubt and great perplexity,
 A little before moon-rise hears the low
 Moan of an unknown sea,

And knows not if it be thunder, or a roar
 Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
 Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, 'I have
 A new land, but I die'

She howl'd aloud, 'I am on fire within.
 There comes no murmur of reply.
 What is it that will take away my sin,
 And save me lest I die?'

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away.
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.

'Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built :
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt.'

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
'*The Legend of Good Women*,' long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below ;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Prelude'd those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,
Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
 Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
 And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
 And trumpets blown for wars;

~~And clattering flutes litter'd with clanging hoofs;~~
 And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries;
 And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs
 Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall
 Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
 Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
 Lances in ambush set;

And high shrines doors burst thro' with heated bla-
 That run before the fluttering tongues of fire;
 White surf wind scattered over sails and masts,
 And ever climbing higher,

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
 Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
 Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron gates,
 And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
 Bluster the winds and takes the self same way,
 Crisp foam-flakes ~~and~~ along the level sand,
 Torn from the fringe of spray?

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
 Resolved on noble thoughts, and strove to speak,
 As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
 And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
 A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
 That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town;
 And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
 Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep
 Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
 Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
 In an old wood : fresh-wash'd in coolest dew
 The maiden splendours of the morning star
 Shook in the stedfast blue. *See p. 100*

Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean
 Upon the dusky brushwood underneath *See*
 Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest
 New from its silken sheath. *(See)*

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
 And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
 Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
 Not any song of bird or sound of rill ;
 Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
 Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
 Their humid arms festooning tree to tree, *See*
 And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
 The red anemone. *See*

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
 The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
 On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in d
 Leading from lawn to lawn. *See*

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
 Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame,
 The times when I remember to have been
 Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone

Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unlovely clime,

'Pass freely thro': the wood is all thine own,

Until the end of time.'

At length I saw a lady within call,

Still'er than chisell'd marble, standing there;

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,

And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise

Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face

The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,

Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:

No one can be more wise than destiny.

Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came

I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field

Myself for such a foe had boldly died.'

I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd

To one that stood beside.

But she with sick and scornful looks averse

To her full height her stately stature draws,

'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse

This woman was the cause

'I was cut off from hope in that sad place,

Which men call'd Aub in those iron years.'

My father held his hand upon his face,

I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sigh

As in a dream. Dimly I could descry

The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,

Waiting to see me die.

'The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat ;
 The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore ;
 The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat ;
 Touch'd ; and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow :
 'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
 Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
 Then when I left my home.'
 Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear,
 As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea ;
 Sudden I heard a voice that cried, 'Come here—
 That I may look on thee.'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
 One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd ;
 A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold blue
 'Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began :
 'I govern'd men by change, and so I sway
 All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man
 Once, like the moon, I made

'The ever-shifting currents of the blood
 According to my humour ebb and flow.
 I have no men to govern in this wood ;
 That makes my only woe.

'Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend
 One will ; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
 That dull cold blooded Caesar. Pythec, friend
 Where is Mark Antony ?

'The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublimely
 On Fortune's neck ; we sat as God by God
 The Nilus would have risen before his time
 And flooded at our nod.

'We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit
 Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus O my life
 In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
 The flattery and the strife,

'And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms
 My Hercules, my Roman Antony, *the*
 My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
 Contented there to die!

'And there he died: and when I heard my name
 Sigh'd forth with life: I would not brook my fear
 Of the other: with a worm I talk'd his fame. *dy*
 What else was left? look here!'

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half
 The polish'd argent of her breast to sight *see*
 Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
 Showing the asp's bite.)

'I died a Queen: The Roman soldier found
 Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
 A name for ever:—lying robed and crown'd,
 Worthy a Roman spouse'

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range *the*
 Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
 From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
 Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight;
 Because with sudden motion from the ground
 She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
 The interval of sound

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
 As once they drew into two burning rings
 All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts
 Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
 A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
 And singing clearer than the crested bird
 That claps his wings at dawn.

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
 From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
 Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
 Far-heard beneath the moon.

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel
 Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine
 All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
 With spires of silver shine.'

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
 The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
 Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
 Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
 To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
 Of music left the lips of her that died
 To save her father's vow ;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
 A maiden pure : as when she went along
 From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
 With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth : ' Heaven heads the count of
 With that wild oath.' She render'd answer high :
 ' Not so, nor once alone : a thousand times
 I would be born and die.

'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
 Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
 Feeding the flower ; but ere my flower to fruit
 Changed, I was vine for death.

'My God, my land, my father—these did move
 Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave, *2. 2.*
 Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
 Down to a silent grave.

'And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy
 Shall smile away my maiden blame among
 The Hebrew mothers"—emptied of all joy,
 Leaving the dance and song,

7 'Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
 Leaving the promise of my blissful bower,
 The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
 Beneath the tattled tower *2. 2. 2. 2. 2. 2.*

'The light white cloud swam over us Anon.
 We heard the lion roaring from his den;
 We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
 Or, from the darken'd glen,

'Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
 And thunder on the everlasting hills
 I heard Him, for His spake, and grief became
 A solemn scorn of illa

'When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
 Strength came to me that equal'd my desire
 How beautiful a thing it was to die
 For God and for my sue'

'It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
 That I subdued me to my father's will,
 Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
 Sweetens the spirit still

'Moreover it is written that my race
 Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aror
 On Arnon unto Minneth' Here her face
 Glow'd, as I look'd at her

She lock'd her lips : she left me where I stood :
 'Glory to God,' she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
 Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
 As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
 And the old year is dead.

'Alas ! alas !' a low voice, full of care,
Murmur'd beside me : 'Turn and look on me :
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
 If what I was I be.

'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor
 O me, that I should ever see the light !
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
 Do hunt me, day and night.'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust :
 To whom the Egyptian : 'O, you famely died
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thence
 The dagger thro' her side.'

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping
 Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
 Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,
 Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,
 A light of ancient France ;

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death
 Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
 Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labours longer from the deep
 Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
 That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
 To gather and tell o'er *Cen.*

Each little sound and sight With what dull pain
 Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
 Into that wondrous track of dreams again !
 But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
 Desiring what is mingled with past years,
 In yearnings that can never be express'd
 By signs or groans or tears ;

Because all words, tho' call'd with choicest art,
 Failing to give the litter of the sweet,
 Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
 Faints faded for its least

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So a day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea,
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
 King Arthur then, because his wound was deep
 The bold Sir Belivere uplifted him,
 Sir Belivere, the best of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the hill,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land

She lock'd her lips : she left me where I stood :

'Glory to God,' she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,

As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

'Alas ! alas !' a low voice, full of care,

Murmur'd beside me : 'Turn and look on me :
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor !

O me, that I should ever see the light !
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night.'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust :

To whom the Egyptian : 'O, you famely died !
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust
The dagger thro' her side.'

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping be-

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Sweet as new buds in Spring.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

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Gold mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimmers, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er *C. L. J.*

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !
But no two dreams are like.

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Desiring what is mingled with past years,
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By signs or groans or tears,

Because all words, tho' cul'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

Long the noise of battle roll'd
..... the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the best of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :

'The sequel of to-day unsolders all

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights

Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep

They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we

Shall never more, at any future time,

Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,

Walking about the gardens and the halls

Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

I perish by this people which I made,—

Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again

To rule once more—but let what will be, be,

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm

That without help I cannot last till morn.

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,

Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

Holding the sword—and how I rowed across

And took it, and have worn it, like a king :

And, wheresoever I am sung or told

In aftertime, this also shall be known :

But now delay not : take Excalibur,

And fling him far into the middle mere :

Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :

'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,

Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.

A little thing may harm a wounded man.

Yet I thy best will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept

And in the moon athwart the place of tombs.

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zig zag paths, and puts of pointed rock, { 50
 Came on the shining levels of the lake,

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt: ~~It~~

That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw but at the last it seem'd
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
 There in the many-knotted waterflags
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere
 'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere
 'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, C. L.
 And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale
 'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as becom'd
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere
 This is a shameful thing for men to be.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
 As thou art lof and dear, and do the thing
 I bid thee, watch, and lightly bring me word
 Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud,

‘ And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many me
 What good should follow this, if this were done
 What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, “ King Arthur’s sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.”

So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honour and much fame were lost

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
 ‘ What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 ‘ I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds.’

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath

‘Ab, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow’d of the power in his eye
That lov’d the will—I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should I meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eye. *T. a*
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence
But, if thou spare to slay Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands’

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch’d the sword
And strongly wheel’d and threw it. The great
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And fashing round and round, and whirld in a
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving ices of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea,
So flash’d and fell the brand Excalibur.
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish’d him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King
/ Then spake King Arthur, drawing thicker br
‘Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere
‘Sir King, I clos’d mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him
 But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 That caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard
 'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
 And would have spoken, but he found not words;
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard.
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad
 Dry clasp'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he base
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—

' And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake

Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms ;
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice an agony 200
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, ' Place me in the large,
And to the large they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and went,
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid her head upon her hip,
And loosed the shatter'd coronet, and clasped his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east,
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his hips,
So like a shatter'd column by the King, 221
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,

' Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 ' The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them frien-
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.'

But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns

all lowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
 here I will heal me of my grievous wound
 So said he, and the large with oar and sail

...one black dot against the verge of dawn
and on the mere the wailing died away. ✓

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carries the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth some, &c. &c.
My strength is as the strength of ten,⁷

Because my heart is pure
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shifts crack and fly
The horse and ruler reel
They reel, they roll in clanging lists, J
And when the tide of combat staid,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly run from Lohes' hands.

How sweet are looks that hush a band
On whom their favours fall :
For them I baffle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in cry and shroud
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.
 When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns:
 Then by some secret shrine I ride;
 I hear a voice but none are there;
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark
 I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light!
 Three angels bear the holy Grail:
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

THE VOYAGE.

I.

WE left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbour-mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fled to the South:
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore.

II.

Warm broke the breeze against the brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail:
The Lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the ga
The broad sea swell'd to meet the keel,
And swept behind; so quick the run,
We felt the good ship shake and reel,
We seem'd to sail into the Sun!

III.

How oft we saw the Sun retire,
And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,
And sleep beneath his pillar'd light!
How oft the purple-skirted robe
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the slumber of the globe
Again we dash'd into the dawn!

IV.

New stars all night above the brim
 Of waters lighted into view ;
 They climb'd as quickly, for the rim
 Changed every moment as we flew,
 Far ran the naked moon across
 The boundless ocean's heaving field,
 Or flying alone, the silver boss /
 Of her own habe's dusky shield ;

V

The peaky islet shifted shapes,
 High towns on hills were dimly seen
 We past long lines of Northern capes
 And dewy Northern meadows green
 We came to warmer waves, and deep
 Across the boundless east we drove
 Where those long swells of breaker ran
 The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove

VI

By peaks that flamed, or, an in shade
 Gloom'd the low coast and quiver'd
 With ashy rains, that spreading made
 Fantastic plume or sable pine,
 By sands and steaming flats, and floss
 Of mighty mouth, we scumbled fast,
 And hells and scarlet-mingled woods
 Glow'd for a moment as we past

VII

O hundred shores of happy climes,

At times the whole sea burn'd, at times
 With yakes of fire we tore the dark ;
 At times a carven craft would shoot
 From havens hid in fairy bowers,
 With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
 But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

viii.

For one fair Vision ever fled
 Down the waste waters day and night,
 And still we follow'd where she led,
 In hope to gain upon her flight.
 Her face was evermore unseen,
 And fixt upon the far sea-line ;
 But each man murmur'd, 'O my Queen,
 I follow till I make thee mine.'

ix.

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd
 Like Fancy made of golden air,
 Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
 Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair
 Now high on waves that idly burst
 Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the sea,
 And now, the bloodless point reversed,
 She bore the blade of Liberty.

x.

And only one among us—him
 We pleased not—he was seldom pleased :
 He saw not far : his eyes were dim ;
 But ours he swore were all diseased.
 'A ship of fools,' he shriek'd in spite,
 'A ship of fools,' he sneer'd and wept.

THE VOYAGE.

And overboard one stormy night
He cast his body, and on we swept

XI.

And never sail of ours was furl'd,
Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn;
We lov'd the glories of the world,
But laws of Nature were our scorn.
For blasts would rise and rave and cease
But whence were those that drove the
Across the whirlwind's heart of peace
And to and thro' the counter gale?

XII.

Again to colder climes we came,
For still we follow'd where she led
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead,
Blind or lame or sick or sound,
'e follow that which flies before
Know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore.

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

(IN ENNA.)

FAIR as a climate-changing bird that flies
All night across the darkness, and at dawn
Falls on the threshold of her native land
And can no more, thou comest, O my child,
Led upward by the God of ghosts and dream
Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

With passing thro' at once from state to state,
Until I brought thee hither, that the day,
When here thy hands let fall the gather'd flowe
Might break thro' clouded memories once again
On thy lost self. A sudden nightingale
Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of song
And welcome; and a gleam as of the moon,
When first she peers along the tremulous deep,
Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the king
Of shadows, thy dark mate. Persephone!
Queen of the dead no more—my child! Thine
Again were human-godlike, and the Sun
Burst from a swimming fleece of winter gray,
And robed thee in his day from head to feet—
'Mother!' and I was folded in thine arms.

Child, those imperial, disimpassion'd, eyes
Awed even me at first, thy mother—eyes
That oft had seen the serpent-wanded power
Draw downward into Hades with his drift
Of flickering spectres, lighted from below
By the red race of fiery Phlegethon;
But when before have Gods or men beheld
The Life that had descended re-arise,
And lighted from above him by the Sun?
So mighty was the mother's childless cry,
A cry that rang thro' Hades, Earth, and Heaven

So in this pleasant vale we stand again,
The field of Enna, now once more ablaze
With flowers that brighten as thy footstep falls,
All flowers—but for one black blur of earth
Left by that closing chasm, thro' which the ear
Of death

And grieved for man thro' all my grief for thee,—
 The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth,
 The serpent coil'd about his broken shaft,
 The scorpion crawling over naked skulls;—
 I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane
 Spring from his fallen God, but trace of thee
 I saw not; and far on, and, following out
 A league of labyrinthine darkness, came
 On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift.
 'Where?' and I heard one voice from all the thrice
 'We know not, for we spin the lives of men,
 And not of Gods, and know not why we spin!
 There is a Fate beyond us.' Nothing knew.

Last as the likeness of a dying man,
 Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn
 A far-off friendship that he comes no more,
 So he, the God of dreams, who heard my cry,
 Drew from thyself the likeness of thyself
 Without thy knowledge, and thy shadow past
 Before me, crying 'The Bright one in the high
 Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest,
 And Bright and Dark have sworn that I, the
 Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, thee, the Power
 That lifts her buried life from gloom to bloom,
 Should be for ever and for evermore
 The Bride of Darkness.'

So the Shadow wait'd.
 Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the Gods of Heaven
 I would not mingle with their feasts; to me
 Their nectar smack'd of hemlock on the lips,
 Their rich ambrosia tasted acouite.
 The man, that only lives and loves an hour,
 Seem'd nobler than their hard Eternities.

My quick tears kill'd the flower, my ravings in
 The lark, and lost in utter grief I fail'd
 To send my life thro' olive-yard and vine
 And golden grain, my gift to helpless man.
 Rain rotten died the wheat, the barley-sheaves
 Were hollow husk'd, the haf fell, and the sun,
 Pale at my grief, drew down before his time
 Sickening, and Aëta kept her winter snow.

Then He, the brother of this Darkness, He
 Who still is highest, glancing from his height
 On earth a fruitless fallow, when he mus'd
 The wonted steam of sacrifice, the praise
 And prayer of man, decreed that thou shouldst
 For nine white moons of each whole year with
 Three dark ones in the shadow with thy King

Once more the reaper in the gleam of dawn
 Will see me by the landmark far away,
 Blessing his field, or seated in the dusk
 Of even, by the lamp thy churning-floor,
 Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange.
 Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but ill content
 With them, who still are highest. Those gray
 What meant they by their 'Fate beyond the F
But younger brother Gods to bear us down,
As we bore down the Gods before us!
 To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,
 Not spread the plague, the famine Gods unless
 To send the noon into the night and break
 The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven?
 Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun,
 And all the Shadow die into the Light,
 When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with
 And souls of men, who grew beyond their race,
 And made themselves as Gods against the fear
 Of Death and Hell; and thou that hast from n
 As Queen of Death, that worship which is Fear

Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,
Shalt ever send thy life along with mine
2 From buried grain thro' springing blade, and b
Their garner'd Autumn also, reap with me,
Earth-mother, in the harvest hymns of Earth
The worship which is Love, and see no more
The Stone, the Wheel, the dimly-glimmering la
Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires
Of torment, and the shadowy warrior glide
Along the silent field of Asphodel.

NOTES.

CENONE.

INTRODUCTION.

This poem was first published in 1872. According to Classical mythology, Cenone was the daughter of the river god Kelren (*Κελρην*), and was married to Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, but was deserted by him for Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. The abduction of Helen from Sparta came about in the following way. On the occasion of the marriage of Pelene to the Arcadian Theius, the Gods were invited to a nuptial banquet, and brought with them various wedding presents. Eris, the Goddess of Strife, enraged at not having received an invitation, threw on the banqueting table an apple of gold, with this inscription cut on its rim, "For the fairest." Thereupon the goddesses Hera, Pallas Athene, and Aphrodite contended for the apple. Zeus, to avoid the quarrel, referred the matter to the judgment of three mortal men, Paris, Menelaus, and the Trojan prince Hector. Paris gave the apple to Aphrodite, who offered him Helen in return. Menelaus, enraged at this, carried off Helen to Sparta, and the Trojan war, in which all the kings and chiefs of Greece united for the recovery of Helen, followed. Tennyson's poem opens with a description of a valley in Ida, which was the name of the great mount—

the south boundary of the territory of Troas or Ilium. [It was among the valleys of this mountain that Paris had been brought up, after having been cast away there as a baby owing to a dream that his mother had that her child would bring ruin on Troy. Paris was preserved by the shepherds, who taught him their craft, and hence he is often called the 'Idæan shepherd.' He subsequently was restored to his father at Troy.] (Enone comes to this valley in grief at her desertion by Paris, describes the appearance of the three goddesses before Paris, and his award; and, after wishing for death, resolves to go down to Troy and there consult the prophetess Cassandra, Paris's sister, as to what vengeance she can take on her faithless husband. Such is the substance of Tennyson's poem. The myths relate that Enone subsequently had an opportunity of revenge. At the capture of Troy by the Greeks, Paris was wounded by Philoctetes, who shot him with one of the poisoned arrows obtained from Hercules. Paris now returned to his neglected Enone, and besought her to apply to his wound a sure remedy, which she alone possessed. Enone refused, and Paris returned in agony to Troy. Enone quickly repented, and hastened after her husband, but reached Troy only to find him dead. She then in remorse hanged herself.

Mr. Churton Collins, in his *Illustrations of Tennyson*, draws attention to a general resemblance existing between Beattie's *Judgment of Paris* and Tennyson's poem.

Critics have called attention to the absence of the genuine antique spirit from this poem. And it is, no doubt, observable that Tennyson's representation of Enone's character contains little or no suggestion of that bitter resentment and implacable vengeance which a poet of ancient Greece would have thought it correct from both a moral and an artistic standpoint to instil into her words. In making Enone tell her tale more in sorrow than in anger, Tennyson has appealed to the more modern, more Christian idea—

'To err is human, to forgive divine.'

However modern in spirit the poem as a whole may appear, this detracts nothing from the beauty of its form, from the ruddy splendour or the pure severity of the colouring, from the music of the cadences and of the rhythm, and nothing from the 'weight of thought weightily expressed,' as in the speech of Hère.

NOTES.

1. Ida, the mountain chain in Mysia which formed the south boundary of the district of Troas or Ilium. Its highest summits were Cötys on the north, and Gargarus (about 5,000 feet high) on the south. Its upper slopes were well-wooded, while lower down were fertile fields and valleys; here were the sources of the rivers Granicus, Scamander, and Aesepus, and of many smaller streams. Hence the epithet 'many-fountain'd' Ida.

2. Ionian hills. Ionia was the district next to Mysia. *Ionian* may here be loosely used for 'neighbouring.'

3. swimming vapour, mist slowly drifting; cf. *The Two Voices*, 202:—

"High up the vapours fold and swim."

4. Puts forth an arm, projects a narrow strip of vapour, as a swimmer puts forward his arm. from pine to pine. The pine woods on Mt. Ida are mentioned by Homer, as in *Iliad*, xiv. 287:

Εἰς ἱδρὺς δασύας περὶ πέτρων, ὅ γ' ἔστ' ἐν ἰδῷ—

"mounted on a lofty pine,

The tallest growth in Ida."

9. In cataract after cataract. The additional syllable in the first foot and in the third represent the repeated splash and motion of falling waters. Scan thus:—

In cata|ract aft|er cata|ract to | the sea.

10. topmost Gargarus, a classical bloom; cf. Lat. *summus mons*, 'topmost mountain,' or 'the top of the mountain.'

11. takes the morning, catches the first beams of the morning sun.

13. Troas, or 'the Troad,' the district surrounding the city of Troy.

14. The crown of Troas, the chief ornament and glory of Troas.

15, 16. forlorn Of Paris. Cf. *Demeter*, 73, "forlorn of man," and Milton, *Par. Lost*, x. 921:—

"Forlorn of thee,

'Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?'"

16. once her playmate. In his boyhood Paris had lived on Ida with the shepherds. See Introduction.

17. the rose, i.e. its usual bloom. Cf. Bacon, *Eptaph. Adam*, 11, *cul rō p'lor p'lyen rō x'lyes*, 'and the rose of his lip lies.' Also Shaks. *Mul. N. D.* i. 1. 129:—

"why is your cheek so pale,

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?"

18. or seem'd to float in rest, or, though not in motion, seemed to move on the air, implying that it was loose and wavy.

19. fragment, part of a fallen rock. Cf. below, 219, "Among the fragments tumbled from the glens", and *Lancelot and Elaine*, 1420, "Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

20. to the stillness, speaking to the silent landscape around.

20, 21. till. *clit*, until the sun had sunk behind the hill, whose shadow crept gradually lower so as at last to reach the spot where *Clione* was.

22. mother Ida. The earth and the mountains were often

addressed as 'mother,' by a kind of personification, in Greek: cf. our 'mother country,' 'fatherland,' many-fountain'd. A translation of Homer's permanent epithet of Ida: cf. Ἰδὴν πολυπόδαρον, *Iliad*, viii. 47. In *Iliad*, xiii. 20, 23, these numerous fountains are mentioned by name.

A refrain (i.e. a verse or verses repeated at intervals throughout a poem) is a striking characteristic of Theocritus and other Greek idyllic poets. Cf. the "Begin, dear muse, begin the woodland song" of Theocritus, which is repeated at the head of each fresh paragraph.

21. the noonday quiet. Cf. Callimachus, *Laracrum Palladis*, μεσημερία δ' εἶχ' ἔπος ἀσυχία, 'but the noonday quiet held the hill.' Also Theocritus, *Id.* ii. 37, 38:—

ἤσδ'ε σιγῇ μὲν πόρτος, σιγῶντι δ' ἀῆται
ἀ δ' ἐμὰ δὲ σιγῇ στήθεσσι λυγρόνδ' ἀνία.

"Lo, silent is the sea, silent the winds,
Not silent is my wretched heart within."

26. The lizard etc. Cf. Theocritus, *Id.* vii. 22, σάυρος ἐφ' ἀλμαστῶσι καθέδου, 'the lizard sleeps on the wall.'

27. and the winds are dead. This reading has been substituted in the latest editions for 'and the cicada sleeps.'

30. my eyes ... love. Cf. Shak. 2 *Hen.* IV., ii. 3. 17:—

"Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief."

32. I am all aweary, etc. Cf. Shaks. *Macbeth*, v. 5. 49:—

"I gin to be aweary of the sun."

36. cold crown'd. Cf. Theocritus, *Id.* xv. 58, τὸν ψυχρόν τετιρ, 'the cold snake'; also the word *basilisk*, literally 'the little king,' a snake with a hood like that of the cobra, supposed to resemble a king's crown. The crowns of snakes are often referred to in the folk-lore of many nations.

37. River-god, Kebren by name. See Introduction.

38. build up, make by my song a memorial of my sorrow. 'To build the lofty rhyme' occurs in Milton's *Lycidas*, 11, and Spenser calls his *Epithalamium* 'an endless monument.' The metaphor is a common one in both Latin and Greek.

39-41. as yonder walls . . . shape, just as the walls of Troy rose slowly in obedience to the slow notes of Apollo's flute, like a cloud which, thin and unsubstantial at first, gradually assumes a solid and definite shape. Cf. *Tithonus*, 63:—

"When Ilion like a mist rose into towers,"

and the account of the building of Pandemonium, Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 710-712:—

"Aron out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

And Wordsworth, *In the Cathedral at Cologne*, 12 14 :—

"Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet."

And *Gareth and Lynette*, 254 257 :—

"And Fairy Queens have built the city, son ;
They came from out a sacred mountain cleft
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
And built it to the music of their harps."

Amphion's lyre.

42. My heart woe, I may be beguiled by my song into temporary forgetfulness of my latter grief

43. dewy dark, dark with drops of dew. Cf. *Enoch Arden*, 67, "dewy glooming downs" Tennyson also has 'dewy fresh,' 'dewy tassell'd,' and 'dewy-warm'

44. Beautiful Paris, evil hearted Paris The fairness of Paris's ind. Cf. 'Homer, ul-Paris, hateful

45. white hooved White hooped would be the more usual form. Similarly Tennyson writes *hooies* (for *hoofs*), *Lady of Shalott*, 101, his ear occasionally preferring the fuller sound.

46. *St gins* The *st gins*

47. solitary morning, the high and remote morning light.

48. white-breasted dawn. The light of a star becomes white at the morning dawns. Cf. *The Princess*, III 1 :—

"Morn in the white wake of the morning star."

And *Graust and Enid*, 734 :—

"The white and glittering star of morn"

49. a leopard skin. So in Homer's description of Paris, *I.*

iii. 17, *Ἰαπωνίην ὑποδαρὶς ἔχεν*, which Pope translates, "a panther's speckled hide flowed o'er his armour."

58. sunny hair. Cf. *Morte d'Arthur*, 216, 217 (and note):—

"Bright and lustrous curls
That made his forehead like a rising sun."

Also Milton's description of Adam, *Par. Lost*, iv. 301-303:—

"Hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering."

60. foam-bow, a compound word formed on the model of *rainbow*. When the spray of the cataract is blown upwards by the wind and in falling forms a curved cascade, the sun shining on the drops of foam paints them with the prismatic colours of the rainbow. Cf. *The Sea-fairies*, 28:—

"The rainbow hangs on the falling wave."

and *The Princess*, v. 309:—

"This flake of rainbow flying on the highest
Foam."

Cf. also Byron, *Child Harold*, iv. 640-645, and *Manfred*, 2, 21.

62. Went forth . . . he came. As a host advances from the door to meet a welcome guest ere he reaches the house.

65. Hesperian gold, a golden apple such as grew in the fabulous gardens of the Hesperides, the Daughters of Night, who lived in islands at the extreme west of the then known world. One of the labours of Hercules was to steal these apples.

66. smelt ambrosially. Ambrosia (cf. Skt. *amrita*) was the food of the Greek Gods, as *nectar* was their drink; it was sometimes used as an unguent or perfume, as by *Hērē* in Homer, *Iliad*, xiv. 170. See *Demeter*, 102.

67. river of speech. In both Greek and Latin writers we find the comparison of speech to the flow of water: cf. *ῥαῖς ῥέει*, Homer; *ῥέει παρ*, Hesiod; and *flumen orationis*, 'river of speech,' Cicero; also "Rivers of melodies," *The Palace of Art*, 171.

69. Beautiful brow'd, in reference to her 'married brows' mentioned in line 74. my own soul, my dearest one: cf. the Latin *anima mea*.

71. would seem, shows that it was probably meant for thee as being, etc.

72. whatever Oread, a classical construction; equivalent to 'any Oread (or Mountain-Nymph) that haunts.'

73. grace of movement. Bacon in his *Essay Of Beauty* writes, "In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour."

74. the charm of married brows, the attractive beauty of

eyebrows that grow across the forehead till they meet each

80 'twere due, it ought to be given.

81. Light foot Iris Spencer uses the form *light foot*, *Fairy Queen*, l. 28, "light foot steedle," and l. 825, "light foot squire"; Beaumont in *The Masque* has "light-foot Iris," and Tennyson has it again in his *Achilles over the Trench*, l. Homer's permanent epithet for Iris is ἰσχυρά ποδῶν, 'swift of foot.' Iris was the messenger of the Gods.

82. Delivering, announcing Cf Shaks., *Coriolanus*, iv. 6. 62.—

"The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is delivered."

83. meed of fairest, prize for being most beautiful

86. whispering tuft, clusters of pines in whose branches the wind whispers.

87. May'st well behold, canst easily see whilst unseen thyself.

91. lost his way A single bright cloud had wandered apart from the other clouds between the pine clad sides

91. brake like fire, burst out of the ground like tongues of flame; alluding to the fiery yellow red colour of the crocus. Cf. *In Memoriam*, lxxxiii. 11, 12 —

"Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping wells of fire."

The May Queen, 33:—

"The wild marsh marigold shines like fire
in swamps and hollows gray."

and *The Progress of Spring*, i. 1:—

"The ground flame of the crocus breaks the mould."

Sophocles (*Ed. Col.* 685) has χρυσαιγής κρόκος, 'gold-gleaming crocus,' and Wordsworth (*Ruth*) writes of flowers that set the hills on fire. This description recalls Homer, *Iliad*, xiv. 347-349:—

Ταῖσι δ' ὑπὸ χθονὸς οἶα φίλῃ νεοθάλια ποίηεν
 Λατὼ δ' ἐρσηντα ἰδὲ κρόκος ᾗδ' ἱακινθόν
 Πικρὸν καὶ μαλατὸν.

'And underneath them the divine earth put forth fresh-sprouting grass, and dewy lotus and crocus and hyacinth thick and soft.' Also cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 692-703.

95. amaracus, the modern *marjoram*, an aromatic fragrant plant. asphodel, a lily-shaped plant, the roots of which were eaten; often mentioned by Greek authors. Homer, *Odys.* ii. 539, describes the shades of heroes as haunting an asphodel meadow. Cf. *Demeter and Persephone*, 151, and note. Milton, *Par. Lost*, ix. 1040, has "Pansies, and violets, and asphodel."

99. Ban riot, grew in straggling luxuriance.

102. crested peacock. The crested peacock (Lat. *pavo cristatus*), the male bird, was sacred to Herè and Juno.

103. golden cloud, gold-coloured cloud. The Gods are described by Homer, *Iliad*, xiii. 523, as sitting on golden clouds. See also *Iliad*, xiv. 343. Herè retires into this cloud when Paris has made his award.

104. slowly dropping fragrant dew. So in Homer, *Iliad*, xiv. 351, when Zeus and Herè are shrouded in the golden cloud, "bright dew drops kept falling from it," σιελνται δ' ἀνέπνεον ἑρσαι.

105. the voice of her, the voice of Herè, the gold-throned Queen of Heaven.

107. the Gods rise up. So in Homer, *Iliad*, xv. 55, the gods rise up at Herè's approach; as also in honour of Zeus, *Iliad*, i. 532.

111. to embellish state, to decorate the lordly position with grand surroundings.

112. river-sunder'd champaign, plain intersected by rivers. Cf. "Champaigns riched with plenteous rivers," Shaks., *Lear*, i. l. 68, and Milton, *Par. Reg.* iii. 257:—

"Fair champaign with less rivers interveined."

113. labour'd mine .. ore. mines which no amount of labour can exhaust of their ore. Cf. *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 146, where, however, ore = gold.

114. Honour ... homage. Some verb must be supplied here, such as "I proffer."

116, 117. Mast throng'd ... towers, whose still harbour waters, surrounded by tall towers, are crowded with masts under the shadow of her citadel.

120 Which ... of all, which all men aim at in every active endeavour.

121 Fitted to the season, adapted to deal suitably with each special crisis—wisdom-bred and throned of wisdom. Power that springs from and is trained by wisdom (and not from mere brute force), and that is raised to its lofty position by the wisdom with which it is exercised. Lowell, *Prometheus*, says, "True power was never born of brutish strength."

121. Fall from the sceptre staff, weakened by age, becomes unable any longer to wield the sceptre.

124. A shepherd yet king born. See Introduction.

127. Should come gods, ought to be a most welcome offer (both from the appropriateness of the gift as coming from a queen and being given to a king's son, and) because it is only in the possession of power that men can be like the Gods.

127. quiet seats. Cf. Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat* lib. 18, *veloque quietas Quas neque concitant venti*, 'and quiet seats, which neither do the winds shake, etc.'

130 Above the thunder. See the description at the conclusion of *The Idiot's Entrance*, also Lucretius, 101-104—

"The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans."

131 out at arm's length, as if to give it to Herd.

135. Flatter'd his spirit, gratified his ambitious thoughts, or, took his fancy.

136. clear, bright and spotless.

137. O'erthwarted, crossed, frequently used by Chaucer, also by Dryden, Milton and Clarendon—brazen-headed. The Greek word χαλκός, generally translated brass, denoted a kind of bronze metal.

139 pearly, an epithet suggestive of whiteness and coldness. Observe the absence of colour and warmth in this picture of the goddess of chastity; contrast the warm colouring in the succeeding description of Aphrodite—the goddess of love.

140 angry cheek, angry because of the effect which Herd's tempting offer of more power seems to have on Paris.

142 &. Self-reverence—consequence. This is among the best-known and oftener quoted passages in Tennyson's poem. 'Pall'

here answers the persuasive arguments of Herē by asserting that power in its truest and noblest sense does not mean regal sway over others, but mastery and government of self.

144.8. Yet not ... consequence, yet though I talk of power, the object of life should not be mere power, for power comes of her own accord to the true liver without his seeking it; but real wisdom consists in living in obedience to law and to fixed principles of duty, in carrying these principles fearlessly into action, and in doing what is right for its own sake, regardless of the immediate results. Cf. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 201-205:—

“Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
— For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self——”

151. Sequel ... fairer. No gift that I could offer, to be won by your award, could enhance my beauty. Look at me with eyes unseduced by bribes such as Herē's offer of power, and you will see that I am essentially the fairest.

153.64. Yet indeed ... perfect freedom. But if, as it may be, your eyes, dazzled by the bright beauty of unveiled goddesses, are unable to distinguish true fairness without being influenced by a bribe, this much will I promise you, that, my claim being acknowledged, I will be your close and constant friend; so that, invigorated by my influence, you shall be filled with energy and enthusiasm sufficient to urge you through the storms and perils of a life of great deeds, until your powers of endurance become strengthened by frequent exercise, and your will, grown to maturity, after experiencing every variety of trial, and having become identical with the absolute rule (of duty), find perfect freedom in willing obedience to that rule.

The sentiment of this fine passage is illustrated in Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. See also the second collect, Morning Prayer, in the Church of England *Book of Common Prayer*, “O God ... whose service is perfect freedom.”

156. rest thee sure. *Thee* is here grammatically in the dative case; such reflexive datives with intransitive verbs were very common in Old English; for other examples see Maetzner, *Eng. Gram.* vol. ii. pp. 64, 5. Cf. *The Lotus-Eaters*, 37: “They sat them down.”

161. until endurance ... action. The original reading was:—

“so endurance.
Like to an athlete's arm, shall still become
Sinew'd with motion——”

Cf. Shaks. *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 1. 172, “insinew'd to this action.”

167. Or hearing would not hear, or though he heard my words would not take heed of them. Cf. *Æschylus, Prom. Bound*, 447, ἀλίσσεται οἱς φασιν, 'hearing did not hear.'

170 Idalian Aphrodite beautiful. Idalian = from Idalium, a town in Cyprus, sacred to Aphrodite. She is also called Cypria and Cypria from Cyprus.

171. Fresh as the foam. 'Aphrodite' means 'foam born' (Gk. ἀφρός, foam). She is said to have risen out of the waves of the sea. See the description of Aphrodite in *The Princess*, vii 143-154:—

"When she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love."

Paphian wells. Paphos, a town in Cyprus, where Aphrodite is said to have first landed after her birth from the waves. Hence she is sometimes styled *Paphia*.

1728 Observe the warmth and colour of this description in the epithets—rosy fingers, warm brows, golden hair, lucid throat, rosy white feet, glowing sunlights. rosy hair. Cf. *Mariana in the South*, 13 16 —

"She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown."

174. Ambrosial. An epithet often used by Homer of the hair of the gods; it means 'of heavenly beauty.' Cf. Verg. *Æneid*, i. 403, *ambrosiaque comas divinum vertice uisum spirare*, 'and the ambrosial locks on her head breathed a heavenly fragrance,' golden, gleaming like gold. Homer frequently styles Aphrodite "the golden."

179 Floated sunlights, bright spots of sunshine coming between the vine branches lightly passed over her figure. Cf. *The Princess*, vi 65. 6 —

"And over them the tremulous idea of light
Shined, they moving under shade"

180 subtle triumph. The shy, meaning smile showed how confident she was of victory. she knew well the kind of gift that would most tempt Paris

181 laugh'd Aphrodite is often styled γέλομαῖδος, 'laughter-loving,' by Homer shut my sight Cf. *Æneid*, Part I xviii viii. —

"And now by this my love has closed her sight"

183 raised his arm, in order to give the apple to Aphrodite.

189. I am alone, &c. 'I have been and still am alone.'

192. am I not fair? Cf. Theocritus, *Id.* xx. 19:—

παιδρες ελπατε μοι το ερρυνεν ος καλός εστι :

"O shepherds, tell the truth! Am I not fair?"

193. My love, he whom I love, Paris: cf. Lat. *noster amor*.

195. wanton ... star, a wild leopard, full of frolic and with bright soft eyes like the light of the evening star.

197. Crouch'd fawning. Belief in the influence of beauty, or, more often, of chastity, in taming wild beasts, is often expressed by poets, ancient and modern. Thus in the Homeric hymn to Aphrodite, the goddess is fawned upon by "wolves grisly grey... and leopards swift"; cf. also Una and her lion in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*.

202. whirling Simois, the river was full of eddies produced by the curving banks. Whirling is a Homeric epithet of a river, as in *Iliad*, v. 479, *Ξάρδω περιδινήσει*, 'on whirling Xanthus.'

204. my tallest pines. Cleone calls the pines her own because she knew and loved them so well: Oreads, like Dryads, tended trees. The pines were cut down to make ships for Paris's expedition to Sparta. Ida supplied wood to Troy for many purposes, funeral pyres, etc.; see Homer, *Iliad*, xxiii. 117.

205. plumed, formed a crest upon, as feathers upon a helmet; cf. *Gervint and Enid*, 316:—

"A shattered archway plumed with fern."

206. blue gorge, the narrow ravine full of purple shadow. Cf. *A Dream of Fair Women*, 186, "the deep-blue gloom."

208. Foster'd, held the nests of the unsledged eaglet. For *callow*, cf. Lat. *calvus*, Skt. *khalati*.

210. The panther's roar. Ida is called by Homer (e.g. *Iliad*, xiv. 283), *μητέρα θηρών*, 'mother of wild beasts.'

215. trembling stars. The twinkling of the stars is compared with the vibration produced in a body by any loud sound. Cf. *On a Mourner*, vi. 3, "Thro' silence, and the trembling stars," and *Morte d'Arthur*, 199, 'tingling stars.'

220. The Abominable, Eris, the goddess of strife. See Introduction.

223. bred, originated.

229. E'en on this hand, sworn by this hand of mine; or sworn, taking my hand in his own.

230. Seal'd it etc. Has he not ratified the oath by kisses and tears?

237. pass before, throw thy shadow upon.

242. fiery thoughts, thoughts of revenge.

244. catch the issue, apprehend the result.

291. never child be born. She shudders at the notion of having child by Paris. Some accounts say that her child was born named Corrythos.

231 to vex me, to remind me, by his resemblance to his
ther. of his father's treachery.

231. their shrill happy laughter, the loud joyous laughter of
 Gus and Helen.

224. ancient love, former lover, P'aria.

213 Cassandra, daughter of Priam. She was gifted by Apollo with the power of prophesying the truth, with the drawback at her predictions should never be believed. When she foretold the fall of their city, she was killed by a murdered

Cassandra's speech in *Aeschylus, Agamemnon*, 1276; rarest, *αὐτὴν εἰς δολιχάρας ἔλ' ἔμεν*, 'Ah me, the fire, how it comes upon me now.'

261. All earth fire Cf Webster, *Duchess of Maltravers*, iv. 2:—
"The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur."

THE PALACE OF AET.

Interpretation.

His poem was first published in the winter of 1832. It has undergone very considerable alterations of the thirty-three stanzas of which it originally consisted, some thirty-one have been omitted, and in those that remain much has been changed, while twenty-two entirely new stanzas have been added.

The poet has prefixed to the poem the following explanation of the terms :—

I send you here a sort of allegory,
(For you will understand it) of a soul,
A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love Beauty only (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind)
And Knowledge for its beauty; *as it were*
Good only for its beauty, seeing it

That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
 That doat upon each other, friends to man,
 Living together under the same roof,
 And never can be sundered without tears.
 And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
 Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
 Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
 Was common clay ta'en from the common earth
 Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
 Of angels to the perfect shape of man."

We have here, then, an allegorical picture of a being possessed of the highest mental powers and of every means to gratify intellectual craving, who deliberately resolves to spend life in the contemplation of objects of beauty and in the cultivation of æsthetic refinement. For this purpose he deems it necessary to build for his Soul an isolated abode where it may dwell apart from mankind in unapproachable seclusion; to surround it with artificial reproductions of whatever beauty Nature presents in flowing stream, or branching wood, in rainbow colours, or sweet odours; and rigorously to exclude from view every unpleasing sight and sound. The dwelling is adorned with representations of ideal landscapes, with pictured legends, and with the portraits of bards and philosophers. The struggles of the human race in its endeavour to assert the rights of manhood are recognised only so far as they serve to supply graceful pictorial devices, which are made to ornament the pavement under the feet as though unworthy of serious attention.

While the æsthetic and intellectual faculties are thus cultivated to perfect development, the other side of a man's nature, the emotions and affections of the heart, is neglected and starved. Absorbed in the triumphant consciousness of her own supremacy and the enjoyment of her own power, the Soul ignores her relation to God and her duties to the human race. The natural sympathies which bind man to man are allowed to rust with disuse, until they give place to a scornful disdain of ordinary human life, which is pictured as wallowing in gross animal enjoyments: these have no charm for the cultured Soul, and she prides herself on an isolation as complete as that of those gods who dwell "careless of mankind" in the unapproachable heaven of heathen mythology.

But such immunity from the common yoke of mortality is not given to mortal: for man is "then most Godlike, being most a man." He who "shuts Love out" shall sooner or later awake to the consciousness that he has cut himself off from human sympathy, and, like Richard III. in Shakspeare, who "had neither pity, love, nor fear," shall cry in despair,

"There is no creature loves me,
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me."

... and earnest shall take the place of selfish delight and

But though awakened to scorn of herself and horror of her
pitiful pride, the mind cannot easily renounce its belief in

lower to higher conditions, she alone remains stationary, pos

It was not, however, in culture and the love of beauty that th
existed; they were not low and despicable faculties and tastes tha
the soul had cultivated. There was nothing sensual or degradin
in the joys of the palace. When the neglected side of her natur
has been duly encouraged to grow, when the claims of duty t
ene's neighbour are recognised and the voices of the conscience
and the heart are heeded in, then the palace may be agr
inhabited by the soul.

epi
ber
and
in the
for a second time. It is a tower
regarded as "a tower

The lesson of this poem has been taught by many teachers be
fore Tennyson. St Paul taught it when he wrote, "Knowledge
puffeth up, but charity (or love) buildeth up, and again
"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, ar
have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinklin
cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and unde
stand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not charit
I am nothing." Bacon recognised the truth of this.

... the substantial virtue."
In Mrs F. R. BROWNING's *The Poet's Tower*, a poet "forewea

man's sympathies" to live in solitary communion with Nature:—

"God's five-day work he would accept,

But let the rest go by."

But he breaks his vow at sight of the corpse of his deserted bride, and dies upon her bier.

NOTES.

3. carouso, feast; derived from Ger. *garaus*, right out, used of emptying a bumper to anyone's health.

5. huge crag-platform, level summit of a huge rock.

6. ranged ramparts, lines of perpendicular rock, like the walls of a fort.

8. Suddenly sealed the light, shot sheer up into the open sky from the grassy plain below.

9. Of ledge etc., with its sides unbroken by ledge or shelf, and so affording no foothold for a climber.

11. would live. The past tense 'would' points to the thought as it existed in the mind of the speaker: 'at the time of building I thought that it would.'

14. a quiet king, in calm supremacy.

15. Still as, while Saturn whirls etc. The shadow of Saturn thrown upon the bright ring that surrounds the planet appears motionless, though the body of the planet revolves. Saturn rotates on its axis in the short period of $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours; but the shadow of this swiftly whirling mass shows no more motion than is seen in the shadow of a top spinning so rapidly that it seems to be standing still or 'sleeping.' This passage is often quoted as an example of Tennyson's accurate realisation of scientific facts. See General Introduction, p. xv.

18. Trust me, rest assured.

20. royal-rich. An instance of Tennyson's use of alliteration in his double words; see General Introduction, p. xx.: in this poem we have also 'fountain-foam,' 'fountain-flood,' 'full-fell,' 'shadow-streaks,' 'maid-mother,' 'world-worn.'

21. Four courts etc. The palace was built in a perfectly symmetrical shape, indicating the equal culture of each separate department of Art. With the whole of this description may be compared Bacon's plan of a "perfect palace" in his *Essay Of Building*. Bacon's palace is to have "fair courts" and "stately galleries," with "fine coloured windows"; it is to be "cloistered on all sides," and to have "an open gallery upon pillars, to take the prospect and freshness of the garden," with "some fountains running in divers places from the wall."

23 The golden gorge etc., i.e. fountains shaped like golden images of dragons spouted water from their throats.

26. cloisters, arched passages—from *L. claustra*, from *clausum*, shut in: literally 'enclosures,' hence 'places of religious seclusion,' hence 'arched passages' such as are often found in monasteries or cathedrals. branch'd like mighty woods. The lines of the arches overhead, springing from the pillars, resembled the

their fairest."

32. Dipt down to sea and sands, seemed to slope downwards till it joined the low line of sea and sand at the horizon.

33 swell, full stream.

33 In misty folds etc., throwing off wreaths of vaporous spray which wavered slowly down and glittered with the prismatic colours of the rainbow. Cf the description of falling streams in *The Lotus-Eaters*, 10, 11:—

"some like a downward smoke
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go,"

and *The Princess*, vl. 198 "wreaths of dangling water smol"

36. torrent-bow. Cf *The Vision of Sin* ii 19, "Flung torrent rainbow round." In *Ænone*. 60, we find "foam bow"

37. peak, pinnacle, slender turret. The roof of the Cathedral of Milan is thus ornamented with statues on every pinnacle the description of it in *The Daisy*, 64, 65.—

"I stood among the silent statues
And statued pinnacles—"

38. To hang on tiptoe, to poise itself on tiptoe, as does famous statue of Mercury by Giovanni da Bologna, at Florence

39. steam'd, 'made to steam,' and so equivalent to 'steami rising like steam.' This use of the participle in -ed, w^h modern English employs the participle in -ing, is very com^o

in Elizabethan English. See Abbott, *Shaks. Gram.*, § 374, and Schmidt, *Shaks. Lexicon*, p. 1417.

41. And who etc. The word 'and' implies that the thought expressed in the text is an addition to a series of thoughts in the mind; the Soul has been silently surveying the palace, and at last concludes with these words.

42. unblinded, without being dazzled by the tremulous bow and the ever-rising clouds of incense.

46. while day sank etc., in the glow of the setting or the rising sun.

49. deep-set, sunk deep into the thickness of the wall. stain'd, filled with stained or coloured glass; cf. "Oriels' colour'd flame," l. 161, below, and Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 159, "storied windows, richly dight," traced, i.e. with its mullions (the slender pillars which hold the glass) branching out into arches and curves of ornamental stonework.

50. slow-flaming, burning with a still and steady light. The light shining upon the coloured glass resembled the crimson glow of a steady flame.

51. From shadow'd grots etc., coming from dim recesses, where the arches forming the framework of the windows intersected each other (as is often seen in Gothic windows).

52. tipt with frost-like spires. The window arches were over-canopied by carved mouldings that tapered up to fine points, like the ice-pinnacles seen on snow-clad mountains. Cf. *In Memoriam*, cxxvii. 16:

"The spires of ice are toppled down,"

and *The Princess*, vii. 182, "a star upon the sparkling spire."

54. That over-vaulted grateful gloom, whose arched roofs created a pleasant twilight below: 'over-vaulted' is a transitive verb. Cf. *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 126, "the hollow-vaulted dark."

58. each a perfect etc., each containing a complete representation of some piece of natural scenery.

59. fit for, suited to, in harmony with.

60. still, sitting in passive contemplation; cf. ll. 13-16, above.

61. arras, tapestry covering the walls; from Arras, a town in the north of France, where it was first made; cf. *calico* (from Calicut), *muslin* (from Mosul), and *sardonyx*, l. 95. green and blue, colours of earth and sky at their brightest.

62. gandy, depicted in brilliant colouring. With the glad activity, buoyant life, and bright colouring of this picture, contrast the dark desolation and gloomy mystery of the succeeding one.

88. A haunt of ancient Peace, where Peace has dwelt undisturbed for ages.

90. fit for etc. See l. 59, above.

92. Not less than truth design'd, pictured with exact fidelity to nature; cf. l. 131, below.

93. The moods suggested by local scenery are followed by those arising from contemplation of historic or legendary actions and incidents, such as frequently form the subjects of pictures. maid-mother, the Virgin Mary.

94. In tracts etc., in the midst of a sunny pastoral landscape, such as was often painted as a background in pictures of the Holy Family by the old Italian masters.

95. Beneath branch-work etc., under an arched shrine or canopy of sardonyx stone. Several pictures of the "Madonna and Child" by Raphael represent them as enthroned under a carved canopy. The sardonyx gets its name from *Sardia*, in Asia Minor, where it is said to have been first found (cf. l. 61), and Gk. *σννξ*, a nail, its colour resembling that of the finger-nail.

96. babe in arm. A phrase like "sword in hand." Cf. *The Princess*, vi. 15:—

"But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm."

97. clear-wall'd, with walls rising in distinct outline: in contrast to the wide sweep of landscape forming the background of the last picture. See Rossetti's illustration of this scene in the 1864 edition of Tennyson's poems.

98. organ-pipes. St. Cecilia, or Cecily, was said to have invented the organ: her musical skill was so exquisite, the legends tell us, that an angel fell in love with her and nightly brought her white roses from Paradise: she suffered martyrdom in A.D. 220. See Dryden, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, 52-54:—

"When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven."

There are famous pictures of St. Cecilia by Raphael and by Van Eyck.

99. Wound, entwined.

102. Houris, the virgins of Paradise who, according to the teaching of the Koran, are to tend the faithful Mussulman in Paradise. bow'd, bent towards earth.

103. Islamite, from Arabic *islam*, obedience to God's will. with hands etc., with their hands outstretched to receive him and looks of welcome in their eyes.

105. mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son. Arthur, founder of

As in medieval legends it becomes a sort of earthly paradise
whether the favourites of the gods were conveyed without delay,
corresponding to the "Islands of the West," the "Fortunate
Islands" of the Greek and Roman mythology. 'Avallon' is said
to mean literally 'Isle of Apples,' from *Avon* and, an apple.

106. sloping greens, undulating meadowland. 'The lush soft-
ness of 'fair space' is like that of 'a print water' in *Morte
d'Arthur*, 12.

110 To list, to listen for the sound of

111. The wood nymph. Ecceia, a wood nymph of the forest of
Arden, was supposed to have instructed Nimrod in the art of government. *The
Priestess*, 65: "She that taught the Salmoe how to rule"
Salmoe was a Salmo of the city of Eborac, the Anglian king

112.
113 engrail'd, indented, serrated; an heraldic term.

115 Indian Cama, Camalov, or Camalio, that lived in the
Love of Hindu Mythology. He is represented as riding upon
the sky on the back of a boy or girl arranged by the
cuckoo, the humming bee, and other signs of springtime. *The
Southey, The Curse of Kehama*, x, 191.

"'Twas Camalio riding on his boy"

116. sail'd a summer etc., floated across the summer sky with
by spicy breezes.

117. Europa, the beautiful maiden who, according to classical
story, while gathering flowers was carried off by the god
Jupiter, under the form of a bull of great dimensions. *The
The reading of some earlier editions, was, by a mistake, 'The
This description is parallel to the description of *Mercurius*, *Idyl
II*, 125 etc.*

118. But she upon the back of a boy
119. Sail'd, with an enchanted bull the bull a great bull,

NOTES.

A haunt of ancient Peace, where Peace has dwelt undisturbed for ages.

1. fit for etc. See l. 59, above.

2. Not less than truth design'd, pictured with exact fidelity nature: cf. l. 131, below.

3. The moods suggested by local scenery are followed by those arising from contemplation of historic or legendary actions and incidents, such as frequently form the subjects of pictures. Maid-mother, the Virgin Mary.

4. In tracts etc., in the midst of a sunny pastoral landscape, such as was often painted as a background in pictures of the Holy Family by the old Italian masters.

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9. Wound, entwined.

10. Hours, the virgins of Paradise who, according to the teaching of the Koran, are to tend the faithful Mussulman Paradise. bow'd, bent towards earth.

11. Islamite, from Arabic *islam*, obedience to God's will. hands etc., with their hands outstretched to receive him looks of welcome in their eyes.

12. mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son. Arthur, found

106. sloping greens, undulating meadow land. The indefiniteness of 'fair space' is like that of 'a great water' in *Morte Arthur*, l. 2.

110. To list, to listen for the sound of

111. The wood nymph *Ardea*, was supposed second king of Rome, *Princes*, ii. 63. "She may taught me waned now to time. Ardea was a Sabine of the city of Cures the Ansonian king Ansonia' was an ancient name of Campania, from Anson, son of Jove and the name was afterwards used for *Ardea*." *Campania*

113. engraill'd, indented, serrated; an heraldic term.

115. Indian Cama, *Camadeo* or *Camadeo*, the Cama, the love of Hindu Mythology. The sky on the back of the cuckoo, the humming Southey, *The Curse of Aenama*, x. 19:—

"'Twas Camadeo riding on his lory "

float'd a summer etc, floated across the summer sky wafted by spicy breezes.

117. Europa, the beautiful maiden who, according to classic story, while gathering flowers was carried off across the sea by Jupiter, under the form of a bull of gentle demeanour. blew. The reading of some earlier editions, was, by a misprint, 'blue'. This description is parallel to the description of Moschus, *Idyl.* ii. 123 etc. —

"But she upon the ox-like back of Zeus
Sitting, with one hand held the bull's great horn,

And with the other her garment's purple fold
 Drew upward that the infinite hoary spray
 Of the salt ocean might not drench it through ;
 The while Europa's mantle by the winds
 Was filled and swollen like a vessel's sail
 Buoying the maiden onward." (Steadman.)

121. *flush'd Ganymede.* Greek myths relate that Ganymede, a beautiful boy, was carried off by the eagle of Zeus that he might become cup-bearer and favourite of the king of the Gods. *flush'd*, blushing. There is a picture by Titian of the Rape of Ganymede in the National Gallery, London.

124. *the pillar'd town.* Probably Troy is intended where the pillars of the temples would be conspicuous features. Ganymede, according to some accounts, was carried off from Mt. Ida; see Horace, *Odes*, iii. 20, 15; *agnosca Raptus ab Ida*, 'snatched up from watery Ida.'

126. *supreme Caucasian mind.* *Caucasian* was an epithet formerly used in ethnology to designate the races now known as Indo-European, supposed to be the highest type of humanity. The cradle of this race was believed to be in or near Mt. Caucasus.

127. *Carved out of Nature for itself*, invented as an allegorical expression of some great truth existing in Nature. Myths generally originated from natural phenomena.

128. *Not less than life, design'd, pictured exactly true to life.* Cf. l. 95, above.

130. *Moved of themselves, being set in motion by their own power, automatically.*

131. *Chosee paintings of wise men.* With Tennyson's pictures may be compared the gallery of portraits painted by Mrs. E. B. Browning in *A Vision of Poets*.

133. *Milton like a seraph strong.* The original reading was "The deep-haired Milton like an angel tall." The change is a happy example of the improvements Tennyson has introduced in the final version of his poem: the former reading gave little idea of the qualities of Milton's genius; the latter suggests "a power of sustained flight, of far-reaching vision, of lofty eloquence." The seraphim, according to the ancient Hebrew doctrine, were an order of angels who hovered round the throne of God on mighty wings, chanting His praises and bearing His messages to earth; their chief attributes were power and wisdom. The cherubim were silent, mysterious spirits, and are generally pictured as not of human shape—winged heads without bodies. Cf. Gray's well-known lines on Milton (*Progress of Poetry*, iii. 2. 1):—

"Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy."

134. *Shakespeare bland and mild.* These two epithets denote the kindly and tolerant character of Shakespeare's genius. His broad sympathy with human nature, his freedom from cynical bitterness. Cf. "Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye."—*Servant to Macready*, 13.

135. *world worn Dante.* The sad life led by the great *Divine Poet* in his long exile left its impress on his features: portrait of him represents his face as marked with deep lines of care as though he grasp'd his song. In the portrait of Dante by Giott at Florence, the poet holds a book under his arm.

136. *the Ionian father.* So Dryden calls Shakspeare "Homer or father of our dramatic poets." Homer was probably an Asiatic Greek. He is thought to have been born in ion

"Father of verse" in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast."

141. *stately art, majestically poised.*

142. *Many an arch high up did lift, was raised on high by lofty arches.*

143. *And people all . . .*

144. *With interchange of gift, &c. carrying offerings of prayer and praise from man to God and bringing blessings down from heaven to earth.*

145. *mosaic.* Mosaic work is composed of small pieces coloured marble, glass, &c., set so as to form a regular pattern, picture, and cemented together; from Gk. *mosaion*, 'belonging to the Muses,' hence 'artistic, ornamental.'

146. *cycles of the human tale, representations of those series or series of historical events that occur in the case of every nation as it develops.*

147. *so wrought, they will not fail.* Understand that, "wrought that they will not fail." Mosaic work is of a very permanent character. *fall, decay, wear away*

148. *160. The . . .*

by the tigerlike ferocity of the Reign of Terror which began after the overthrow of the monarchy and the execution of Louis XVI. Next came the vigorous energy of the young Republic with its grand schemes for 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity'; and last, the failure and abandonment of these schemes and the ready adoption of various political constitutions—empire, monarchy, republic—as cures for social and political anarchy.

151. a tiger. Cf. *Locksley Hall*, 135:—

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher."

153. strong to break etc., strong enough to crush or to fetter. in firm bonds the violence of despots.

155. like some sick man. So the Turkish Empire was called "the Sick Man of Europe" by the Czar Nicholas in 1853.

157. over these she trod. The struggles of mankind in its progress towards freedom were disregarded as beneath notice, except as material for ornamental art.

159. Orlels, literally, windows in recesses: from Low Lat. *oriolum*, for *auriculum*, 'ornamented with gold,' recesses in large rooms often being profusely gilded. colour'd flame etc. The two faces were painted on the coloured glass forming the uppermost 'lights' of the two windows.

163. Plato .. Verulam. Cf. *The Princess*, ii. 141-147:—

"The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kafir, Hottentot, Malay.
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam."

Francis Bacon was created Baron Verulam in 1618 and Viscount St. Albans in 1620. large-brow'd. The epithet is said to have been suggested by the bust of Bacon by Nolletkens in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

164. The first of those who know, the two greatest of philosophers. The line is an adaptation of Dante's description of Aristotle, "Il maestro di color che sanno," the master of those who know. Cf. *Church's Life of Bacon*, Chap. viii.:—"Two men stand out 'the masters of those who know,' without equals up to their time among men—the Greek Aristotle and the Englishman Bacon. They agree in the universality and comprehensiveness of their conception of human knowledge: they were absolutely alone in their ambition to work out this conception."

165. And all etc., all those great thinkers who by their speculations and discoveries opened up new sources of knowledge and changed the course of human progress.

167. slender shafts, the thin stone columns forming the framework of the Gothic windows. blazon'd, portrayed: originally an heraldic term, meaning 'to paint with armorial bearings.'

from F. *Blazon*, a shield or coat of arms Cf *The Daisy*, 58,
 "The giant windows' blazon'd fires"; and *In Memoriam*,
 lxxxvii 8, "The prophets blazon'd on the panes."

169 Thro' which flush'd. Cf Keats, *St. Agnes' Eve*, 217-221:—

And on her hair a glory like a saint.

71. as morn from Memnon. The colossal statue near Thebes,
 Egypt when first struck by the rays of the rising sun was
 l to emit a sound like the twanging of a chord. The statue
 really one of Amenophis, an Egyptian king, but the

172. Rivers of melodies Cf Lucretius, 61, "full flowing river of
 speech," and note.

174. her low preamble, the soft prelude to her song It is

the *Guinevere's Daughter*, 93, 94 —

"The nightingale

Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day "

176 Throb thro' the ribbed stone, pulsate or echo along the
 vaulted roof, whose arches and mouldings were curved like ribs

177. feastful, festive—a Miltonic word See his *Sonnets* 10, 10

183 'Tis one to me, it is all the same to me, I am in-
 different to it. young night divine The epithet 'divine' is
 frequently applied to night by Homer (*νῆξ ἀμβροσία νῆξ*,
ἁλῶς ἱερὰ), in consideration, perhaps, of its reviving influence
 young, fresh.

184. Crown'd etc. Cf. *Maul*, xlv. iv, "Yon fair stars that crown a happy day."

185. Making sweet close etc., bringing to a pleasant conclusion the delightful occupations of the day.

186. Lit light etc. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 726:—

"from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
With naphtha and asphaltus yielded light
As from a sky."

in wreaths and anadems, in lamps arranged in clusters and festoons: *anadem* is from Gk. ἀνάδημα, a head-band, from ἀνάδω, to bind around.

187. quintessences, purest extracts. The 'fifth essence,' *quinta essentia*, was added by Aristotle to the four material elements, earth, air, fire, water; Milton, *Par. Lost*, iii. 716, calls it "this ethereal quintessence of heaven": cf. *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 122, 123:—

"The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame."

188. hollow'd moons of gems, transparent gems, hollowed out so as to contain the oil, and shaped like the moon.

189. To mimic heaven. The palace is completed by an artificial imitation of the star-lit sky, so that it may be within itself a treasure-house of all forms of beauty to be found in the Universe.

190. 'I marvel etc. I wonder whether my passive enjoyment of beauty is capable of further addition or extension.

192. flatter'd to the height, encouraged to expand itself to the utmost degree.

193. my various eyes, my different moods of contemplation.

196. My Gods etc. The only gods recognised are of the human species, and the Soul regards itself as their compeer: the worship of such gods is but reflected self-worship.

197. God-like isolation. Cf. Aristotle's saying (quoted by Bacon, *Essays, Of Friendship*). "Whoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a God." The Epicurean notion of the Gods as living aloof from mankind in heedless isolation is given in *The Lotus-Eaters*, 155-164.

199. What time I watch etc. From the proud height on which she has placed herself the Soul looks down with scorn andathing on the world around. darkening, which seem like a stain or blur on the landscape.

201. In filthy sloughs etc. The ordinary life and natural joys

of mankind are regarded as mere animal grossness, not superior to that of swine wallowing in the mire. *Slough* is from a root

203. And oft etc., and often in frenzied folly they seek their own ruin. Cf Bible, *Mark*, v. 13, "And the unclean spirit went out and entered into the swine, and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea (they were about two thousand) and were choked in the sea."

205 Then of etc. The Soul fondly talks of the higher instincts and of the desire for a life beyond the grave (which are the common property of all mankind) as if they were a peculiar possession of her own, which had come to her by the same natural process of evolution that had raised her to the supreme height of refinement above the common herd. prate, talk with foolish self-conceit.

209 I take possession etc., I claim as my own the results of all human progress.

210 I care not etc. The climax of the Soul's self-glorification is reached when she declares herself emancipated from the need of any form of religious belief, and recognising only her innate ideas of right, looks down from a serene height of contemplation upon the different creeds of mankind, regarding them as only jarring dogmatisms Cf *In Memoriam*, XXXIII. 14:—

"O thou, that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre every where,
Nor cares to fix itself to form"

213. the riddle of life on this sorry
phrase "the riddle of
Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*
"sphinx-riddle" The
ses to the ears of the Soul, and fitfully reminds her of her
siling and suffering fellow-men

219. Like Herod etc. Cf Bible, *Acts*, xii 21-23 — "And
in royal apparel, sat upon his
throne, and the people gave a
shout, and not of a man. And
he slew him, because he gave
not glory to God. and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the
ghost"

220 pangs of hell, stinging remorse and despair

223. The abyssal deeps of Personality, the hidden secrets of each man's nature, his qualities and faculties which are buried far below the surface. Cf. Arthur Hallam's *Essay*, *Theolietica Norisima*: "I believe that redemption is universal in so far as is left no obstacle between man and God but man's own will; that indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abyssal secrets of personality." The sympathies and emotions of the heart still exist in the innermost depths of the Soul, although they have been put out of sight and use.

225. When she would think etc., when she wished to resume her pensive contemplation, the mysterious power intervened, and threw her mental faculties into confusion. The allusion is to the vision at Belshazzar's feast (Bible, *Daniel*. v.) of the fingers of a man's hands that "wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace... And this is the writing that was written. Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. This is the interpretation of the thing: Mene; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Peres; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

229. Deep dread etc. The Soul is suddenly struck with the knowledge that she is *alone*, and that her life, passed in unsympathetic isolation from the struggles and toils of humanity, is but a hateful solitude, a living death. But she cannot easily give up her belief in the selfish worship of Beauty: she first scorns her own weakness; then, recovering her self-conceit, she retracts her scorn of herself with a cynical sneer at her change of mood.

235. Whereof the strong etc., whose foundations have always, since I first began to remember, seemed immovable.

237-244. The shows of Beauty with which the Soul has hitherto satisfied her gaze give place to ghastly images of decay and corruption and spectres of horror.

241. And hollow shades etc. Cf. Beckford's description of the lost souls wandering in the Hall of Eblis, in the last chapter of *Fanny Hill*: "Soliman raised his hands towards heaven in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was as transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames."

242. fretted, eaten by worms. The O. E. *fretan* is a contraction of *foretan*, from *for-*, intensive prefix, and *etan*, to eat.

243. three-months-old, that had been dead for three months.

247. Mid onward-sloping motions etc. The Soul becomes aware that in her isolation she has cut herself off from participation in the universal life and progress of mankind. The sud-

perception of the never-ending advance of the human race
 from lower to higher conditions, its approach to the

"one far off divine event
 To which the whole creation moves,"

leaves the Soul into a knowledge that she alone is left in stagna-
 without change or progress onward sloping, gradually
 moving

19 A still salt pool etc Understand "she seemed"

20 moon-led waters white Cf *Maud*, i. xiv. 17, "as white
 ocean-foam in the moon;" moon-led=tidal.

21 choral starry dance Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, v. 177, 178.—

"And ye five other wandering fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song."

under
 gorgeous
 dance,
 bodies

produced loud harmonious sounds—the "music of the spheres"

22 Circumstance, the surrounding sphere of the Heavens.

Ptolemaic Astronomy represents the universe as "an enor-
 mous azure round of space scooped or carved out of Chaos, and
 communicating aloft with the Empyrean, but consisting within
 of ten Orbs or hollow Spheres in succession, wheeling one
 in the other, down to the stationary nest of our small Earth
 in the centre, with the elements of water, air and fire that are im-
 mediately around it" (Masson, *Introduct to Milton's Poetical Works*)

"A BATTLE-ARMY OF THE HEAVENS"

201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210.

And

Also

In the

ing of the

262 tenfold, utterly. Cf *Sa Gatahari*, 3, and note

263. exiled, the last syllable is accented, *exiléd*.

264. Lost to her place and name, leaving her proper sphere empty and her life's duties unfulfilled. Cf. *Merlin and Vivien*, *ad fin.*, "lost to life and use and name and fame."

266. for her despair, because of the despair she felt.

267. dreadful time, dreadful eternity, a life of misery in this world and the next.

273. girt round etc., surrounded by impenetrable darkness. Cf. *Enoch Arden*, 488, "compass'd round by the blind wall of night."

275. Far off etc. After a period of agonizing doubt and despair, the Soul's sympathies slowly awake and she becomes vaguely conscious of the human world outside her isolated palace. dully. Tennyson has "stilly sound" (*Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 103), and "shrilly whinnys" (*Demeter and Persephone*, 44): see note thereon.

282. one deep cry, the united roar.

283. 'I have found etc. The Soul at first is filled with despair at her inability to enter into the new sphere of action which she has discovered in the world: she does not see how she is to exercise the kindly emotions so long left in disuse, and thus become "one with her kind."

285. 'I am on fire within. A burning sense of remorse consumes the heart, for which the Soul despairs of a remedy.

286. no murmur, not even the faintest sound.

289. So when etc. After a year of despair the Soul sees that it is only by abandoning her proud elevation above her fellows that she can preserve herself from ruin. She descends from her intellectual throne, abandons her "high palace," and endeavours in humility and in the duties of common life to learn the lesson of love.

293. Yet pull not down etc. But refinement need not be excessive, and the culture of the intellect does not necessarily imply deadening of the natural sympathies. If the beauties of the three are not reserved for selfish contemplation, but are shared with others, the Soul may well inhabit it once more, and lead therein a perfect life.

294. lightly, gracefully.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

INTRODUCTION.

elaborately drawn than that of the other, and is the most highly finished of the whole gallery

NOTES

1. eyelids shade. Cf. *The Talking Owl*, 209 'Her eyelids /ropt their niken caves'

2. 'The Legend of Women' -

"
portrayed by Tennyson. The "goodness" of these "far-
renowned brides of ancient song" consisted mainly in their
faithfulness to husbands who were faithless to them.

3 the morning star of song Cf. *In Memoriam*, lxxvi 9, 10,
"the matin songs that woke The darkness of our planet"
Chaucer (A.D. 1328-1400) is called the morning star of poetry
poets, and heralded,
Elizabethan age of

1, 2.—

4. Cf. *Chaucer*, like the morning-star,
To us discovers day from far."

3. who made ... below, who made his "music of the spheres" audible on earth; who delighted mankind with his sublime, "heaven-descended" strains.

5. Dan Chancer. *Dan* is the Spanish *don*, from Lat. *dominus*, lord, master, sir; a title of honour originally applied to monks and afterwards used familiarly or sportively, as here. Shakspeare (*L. L. L.* iii. 182) has "Dan Cupid," and Spenser (*Fairy Queen*, iv. 2. 32) writes of Geoffrey Chancer, whom he regarded as his poetic master:—

"Dan Chancer, well of English undefyled,"
and again (*Ib.* vii. 7. 9):—

"Old Dan Geoffry, in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell."

warbler. To warble is to sing as a bird, to carol. Hence it is applied to natural and spontaneous, as opposed to artistic and elaborate, poetry. So Milton, *L'Allegro*, 133, 134:—

"Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

whose sweet ... still, whose poetry formed an introduction to those outpourings of verse (alluding to Spenser, Sidney, Shakspeare, etc.) of which the glorious age of Queen Elizabeth is full, and which we still read and admire. The "times" are "spacious" not on account of their length, but because they give room to so many great persons (poets, statesmen etc.) and mighty events.

9-13. the knowledge ... tears. My appreciation of the poet's skill kept me from entering into and distinctly apprehending the subject-matter of his poem, though at the same time those strange stories affected me with the deepest pity. Charged, filled.

14. wherever light blameth, wherever records of the past have come to light.

15. Beauty and anguish. I saw that everywhere it was the fate of beautiful women to undergo wrong and suffering; beauty was always accompanied by anguish and led to death. Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv. 42:—

"The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past ———"

(a passage which is a free translation of Filicaja's *Sonnet to Italy*).

17. brides of ancient song, Chancer's heroines; see note to l. 2.

18. peopled ... stars. The dark void of my slumber was filled with the images of these women, conspicuous for their beauty and their wrongs.

19. insult ... wars. The *insults* etc. were inflicted on these women, and the *wars* were on their account.

21. clattering ... hoofs Notice how the sound echoes the sense in this line See notes to *Morte d'Arthur*, 50, 69, 138.

22. crowds, i.e. crowds of women who had taken refuge in the temples.

27. the tortoise See *Demeter*, 96, note. The "tortoise" (Lat. *turdus*) was a sort of shed with a strong roof overlaid with raw hides, which was placed upon rollers, and under shelter of which beggars could approach the walls of a town. Originally it contained a company of men over the shell of a tortoise. The besieged used to crush the "tortoise" by hurling heavy masses of stone or masonry upon it. See Caesar, *Bell. Gall.* v. 43; Vergil, *Æneid*, ii. 410-419 Cf. Fairfax's *Tasso*, xi. 33:—

"And o'er their heads an iron penthouse vast
They built by joining many a shield and targe"

29, 30. burst fire The blasts of hot air that precede the advancing flames come rushing through the temple-doors (see l. 22) as they give way before the conflagration

27. *quadring* and *quadring* See l. 27. *quadring* and *quadring* are the same word.

four. brazen plates, armour composed of plates of that metal

the form is *diverse*, (Lat. *diversus*, various)

37. So shape etc. "When a man is wide awake he thinks

38. Bluster way. The tide is running landwards and the wind is blowing in the same direction, so that the waves break the more violently

39, 40. crisp spray The foam-flakes are torn by the wind from the edge of the surf and go flying along the beach *Crisp* means 'wrinkled' (Lat. *crispus*, curled) rather than 'bottle.'

41. I started start. Cf. *Ænone*, 18, *Lucretia* 596 "He watch'd or seem'd to watch"; and Vergil, *Ant. videt aut vidisse putat*, 'He sees or thinks he sees, or dreams he

43, 44. As when ... cheek. As when the impulse to do a noble deed suddenly courses through the brain and sends the blood surging into the cheeks; so I started in my sleep with a sense of pain at what I saw, being determined to perform some heroic action on behalf of these suffering women, and tried to vent my indignation in words.

46. saddle-bow, the arched front of the ancient saddle.

47. leagner'd, i.e. beleagnured, besieged. Germ. *lager*, a camp.

49. All those ... sleep. Hitherto the writer has been but dozing, and the imagery of his dream has been clearly defined, with sharp-cut "edges"; but now sleep is gaining the mastery, and his thoughts gradually lose their definite shape and become indistinct. The metaphor is from a torrent which rolls the stones that it carries with it against one another and so makes them round and smooth, till at last, with no distinction of shape, they all rest together in the bed of the lake or the river into which the torrent falls. A similar metaphor occurs in *In Memoriam*, lxxxix. 39, 40:—

"For ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down."

54. an old wood. The wood represents the Past, into which, in his dream, he wandered back. fresh-wash'd ... blue. Clear and bright in the dewy morning air, the fresh pure light of the morning star (Venus) throbbed (or pulsated) in the deep steady blue of the sky.

57. boles, stems, trunks. Cf. *boyl* and *ball*.

58. dmsky, dark with the shadow of the overhanging boughs.

59. fledged .. sheath. As young birds with downy feathers, so the branches were covered with fresh green leaves newly burst from the bud. Cf. *The Lotos-Eaters*, 71.

61-4. The dim ... again. In the "unblissful elime" of his dream the morning light, dim and red (as when seen through a mist), had faded away almost as soon as it appeared, and only sent a few chill and cheerless gleams across the glimmering plain beneath. The morn is represented as having half fallen, never again to rise, as she slept across the eastern horizon, the threshold of the sun—thus figuring the incomplete and ineffectual day-break. Cf. *Enoch Arden*, 438, "the dead flame of the fallen day."

70. festooning ... tree, joining tree to tree by their trailing wreaths.

71. lmsb, luxuriant in growth. *Lush* is short for *lushious*, which, again, is a corruption of *lustious*, formed by adding the

suffix *-ous* to *lusty* (Skeat). Cf. Shaks., *Tempest*, ii. 1. 52.—
 "How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!"

72. anemone, the wind flower (Gr. *anemos*, the wind)

73. I knew etc. The landscape of his dream seemed familiar to him in all its details; he recognised everything as having seen it before in the gay and innocent days of his youth

74. the tearful dawn, the dank, dewy twilight of the faint, full dawn.

75. empty, vacant, and so ready to receive any new impressions. It is well known that a scent will often bring vividly back to the mind some old scene or event

85. within call, within calling distance.

87. A daughter of the gods. Helen was the daughter of Jupiter and Leda. For *divinely tall*, cf. *The Princess*, Prologue, 9, "Her stature more than mortal" So Ovid (*Fasts*, ii. 503) describes Romulus as *pulcher et humano major*, 'beautiful and of more than human size'

89. Her loveliness speech. Her beauty so abashed and surprised me that it prevented me from uttering the words of admiration that rose quickly to my lips

91. The star like eyes, the calm, pathetic looks of sorrow coming from the beautiful eyes of the daughter of a god. Cf. *Iylmer's Field*, 601 602

"For her fresh and innocent eyes
 Had such a star of morning in their blue"

92. in her place, in the place where she was standing

94. No one destiny. Fate ordered my life for me, and no one can alter or amend what fate decrees

95. Many died, i.e. in the Trojan war, fighting on Helen's account

99. free, readily, boldly.

100. one, i.e. Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek army in the Trojan war. When the Greek fleet, on its way to Troy, was detained by contrary winds at Aulis, in order to appease the gods Iphigenia was sacrificed to Artemis. See the descriptions of the sacrifice in *Æschylus*, *Igagem.* 225-249, and *Lucretius*, *De Rerum Nat.* 1. 85-100

101. sick, full of disgust and loathing

106. Which men etc. This line originally stood

"Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears."

He change has apparently been made that there might be no doubt what the "sad place" was. *Iron years* means 'times when men were harsh and cruel.' Cf. *Maud*, Part I. xviii. iv.

'iron skies'; *In Memoriam*, xc. 8: 'an iron welcome'; *Aylmer's Field*, 732: 'iron month'; *Harold*, iii. 2: 'this iron world.'

109. my voice ... dream, my voice was choked with my sobs, as people in dreams try to speak and cannot. Cf. *The Lotus-Eaters*, 6.

111. with wolfish eyes. They hungered impatiently for her death, that they might continue their voyage. See note to l. 100.

113. The high masts ... more. The masts "flicker" and the crowds etc. "waver," because her eyes were misty with tears. "The bright death" is the flashing knife-blade, the effect being put for the cause. With this use of 'death' for 'instrument of death' Mr. Churton Collins compares Sophocles, *Electra*, 1395, νεκρόντων αἷμα, 'newly-whetted blood.' When first published (1830), this stanza ran thus:—

"The tall masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
The temples, and the people, and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat,
Slowly—and nothing more."

116. Touch'd: and I knew no more. For other examples of this break after the first half-foot of a line, representing sudden, startling action, see General Introduction, p. xxi.

117. a downward brow, a brow bent towards the ground.

118-20. I would ... home. So in Homer, *Iliad*, iii. 173-175, Helen says that it would have been well had she died when she left her home.

120. my home, the palace of Menelaus at Lacedaemon, which she left in order to accompany Paris to Troy.

121-2. her slow ... sea. Her words, slowly and clearly articulated, fell upon the silence with that startling distinctness with which the first heavy raindrops of a thunderstorm fall upon a tranquil and motionless sea.

124. That I etc. Cf. l. 131, which explains this line.

125. rise, bank, knoll.

126. one, i.e. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt. Mark Antony repudiated Octavia for her, and the battle of Actium followed (B.C. 31) in which he was defeated by Augustus Caesar. Hearing that Cleopatra was dead, he stabbed himself, but was afterwards carried into her presence, and died in her arms. She then attempted to fascinate Augustus ("that cold-blooded Caesar with her charms, as she had fascinated Julius Caesar previously but, not succeeding, she poisoned herself (for the story of her death by the bite of an asp is probably an invention) and deprived Augustus of the glory of carrying her as a captive in triumphal procession ("With a worm I balked his fame"). Horace, *Carm.* l. 37, "Invidens Deduei superbo triumpho."

123 Brow bound .. gold, with a tiara of sparkling gold round her brows. Cf. Shaks., *Coriolanus*, II. 2. 102: "Brow bound with the oak"; also *Richard III.* iv. 1. 63-64:—

"I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red hot steel, to sear me to the brain!" *Answer head*

and Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, i:—

"And thine omnipotence a crown of pain,
To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain,"

—where the torture of the red-hot iron band or crown is alluded to.

130 'I govern'd moods' I governed men in all their moods because I could easily change and accommodate myself to them. Cf. Shaks., *Ant. and Cleop.* ii. 2. 240, 241:—

"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

132-4 like the moon flow. As the tides follow the moon's changes, so men's passions were subject to my wishes and caprices. Cf. Ford, *Witch of Edmonton*, ii. 2:—

"You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,
To make it ebb and flow into my face,
As your looks change."

137. 'Nay—yet, etc. She corrects her previous statement; there is another thing that annoys her, viz., that her charms had no power over Augustus. See note to l. 126.

139 prythee or prithee is a fusion of 'pray thee,' which is for 'I pray thee.'

141. with whom neck. They were superior to fortune, and commanded all the gifts that she could bestow. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 771:—

"He on the wings of cherub rode sublime,"

and *Sonnet to Cromwell*:—

"on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies"

Sublime means 'aloft,' 'on high' (Lat. *sublimis*, lofty)

142 The Nilus nod. The river Nile overflows its banks during a fixed period every year. At our nod, at our bidding. Cf. Lat. *numen*, 'nod,' and so 'command, will.'

145 We drank . . . sleep Libyan, i. e. African, or her Egyptian. Cf. Shaks., *Ant. and Cleop.* ii. 2. 182:—

NOTES.

constellation of the southern hemisphere. It was so called either from the old Egyptian city Canopus or from an Egyptian god of that name. Cf. Shaks., *Ant. and Cleop.* ii. 4. 4: "wastes the lamps of night in revel."

148. the strife, 'lovers' quarrels'; cf. Shaks., *Ant. and Cleop.* ii. 4. 18-20:—

That time—O times!—
I laughed him out of patience; and that night
I laughed him into patience."

150. My Hercules, my valiant hero. There is also an allusion to Antony's fondness for imitating Hercules, from whose son Anton he claimed to be descended. He stamped the figure of the Nemean lion on his coins, and is said to have appeared publicly in a chariot drawn by lions. In Egypt Antony would sometimes figure as Hercules, while Cleopatra took the part of Omphale. See Shaks., *Ant. and Cleop.* ii. 4. 22-23, and i. 3. 84, where Cleopatra calls him "this Herculean Roman"; and ii. 12. 44: "Alcides, thou mine ancestor."

151. My mailed Bacchus. Pronounce mailed. A reference to Antony's having dressed and feasted in the character of Bacchus. Bacchus combines the notions of boon companion at our potations (see l. 145) and of youthful lover, since Bacchus was the god of wine, and was also "ever fair and young" (Dryden). "My mailed captain" was the original reading. Cf. Shaks., *Ant. and Cleop.* iv. 8. 14, 15:—

"Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart."

153. there he died, i.e. he did indeed die there. See note to l. 126.

153-5. when I heard ... other, when I heard him utter my name with his latest breath, I would not endure the fear had of Augustus's intentions, and so was determined to die.

155. with a worm ... fame. See note to l. 126. Cleopatra (Shaks., *Ant. and Cleop.* v. 2. 243) calls the asp "the prett' worm of Nilus." Milton (*Par. Lost*, ix. 1068) calls the serpent "that false worm."

156. what ... left? i.e. for me to do; cf. Shaks. *Ant. and Cleop.* iv. 15. 23-26.

158. polish'd argent, the surface of her breast, white smooth as burnished silver (Lat. *argentum*). Cf. *Recollected the Arabian Nights*, 135, "argent-lidded eyes." See Introduction, and cf. Euripides, *Hecuba*, 558-561. Shakspeare (*Ant. and Cleop.* i. 5. 28) makes her "black," and cf. line 127; but is little doubt that Cleopatra was wholly Greek in her origin.

160. aspick's *Aspic* is the Provençal form of the owl
aspic (Gr. *aspid*) Shakspeare (*Ant and Cleop* v. 2, 296, 354) also
has *aspick*, perhaps by assimilation to *banish*.

161. a Queen, i.e. retaining all my queenly dignity and state.
See Shakspeare's description of her death, *Ant and Cleop* v. 2,
283 331, and of Horace, *Odes*, i. 37, "Privata," "unqueened,"
and "Non humilis nuber," "no submissive woman."

163 a name, i.e. renowned, famous Cf. *Ulysses*, 11.

164 Worthy spouse, worthy of a husband who was a Roman
and not of some inferior race So in Shaks *Ant. and Cleop* iv.
15, 87, Cleopatra says—
"Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us"

165 8. her utterance Like a full stringed lyre when it is
played upon, so her musical voice, acted upon by various emo-
tions, passed from one tone to another, and went through the
whole scale of notes with living force. For "struck by all
passion," cf *Locksley Hall*, 33 —
"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with
might."

Cf. also Milton, *Par Lost*, xi. 561 563, and *L. Allegro*, 142.

171. still'd sound The purring light of her eyes, when she
raised them from the ground, filled up the pauses in her speech
so delightfully that I did not notice when she stopped speaking
Cf. E. B. Browning, *The Romance of the Swan's Nest* —
"The smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech"

173 still darts Cupid still heated the tips of his arrows
with the fire of her eyes, i.e. still, as in her life-time, her glances
were the most powerful incentives to love In Spenser's *Hymn*
of Beauty, 241, beauty's eyes are represented as "darting their
little fierce lances," and Milton has "have darting eyes" (*Comus*,
753)

174, 175. they Love As burning-glasses collect and con-
centrate the sun's rays, so her eyes gathered into their two
bright orbs all the power of love

177 undazzled, here used intransitively, 'ceased to be dazzled'
His feelings had before been overcome by her beauty and splendour

179 the crested bird, the cock, called by Quil. Facts, i.
435, *crestatus ales*, 'the crested bird' Cf. Milton, *Par Lost*
vii. 443. — "the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours,"

and Shaks., *Hamlet*, i. 150 —
"the trumpet to the morn."

181-188. These two stanzas afford a fine example of Tennyson's melody of diction. Observe the number of broad vowel sounds and of liquid consonants. See General Introduction, p. xx.

184. Far-heard ... moon, heard a long way off in the stillness of the moon-lit night. Cf. *In the Valley of Caunteretz*, 2:—

"All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with deepening of the night."

187. the splinter'd ... shine, the spires or points of the jagged rocks shine like silver in the moon-light.

189. as one, etc. As a man, musing on the sunny lawn outside some cathedral, when he hears through the open door the organ sending its waves of sound up to the ceiling and down to the floor and the singing of the anthem by the choir, is captivated by the music and comes to a stand-still,—so, etc. *Lares* means 'bathes, pervades.'

195. her father's vow. ... owed that if God would give him victory ... would offer up as a burnt offering "whatsoever came forth from the doors of his house to meet him" when he returned from battle. "And Jephthah came to Mizpah into his house, and behold his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances" (Bible, *Judges*, xi.). To save means to redeem, to fulfil, the vow. Some authorities, however, consider it improbable that Jephthah's daughter was actually immolated, since the Jewish law forbade human sacrifices: they maintain that she was rather condemned to perpetual celibacy.

199. welcome light, gay greeting. The timbrel (Lat. *tympanum*, a drum) is a kind of tambourine.

201. 'Heaven.. oath.' That rash vow of your father's is placed first by God on the list of crimes, as being the most heinous.

202. she ... high, she answered loftily, proudly.

203. nor once alone, nor should I be ready to die only once. *would* = I should be willing.

205. Single, solitary; she was her father's only child.

207. ere my flower etc., while I was still a young maiden, and before I could become a mother.

209. 'My God .. grave. The love of my God, of my country, and of my father were stronger than my natural love of life, and formed a threefold cord that gently lowered me into my grave; i.e. it was the love of these three that induced me patiently to submit to death.

213. 'No fair ... blame. I am destined to have no son to take away from me the reproach of being unmarried and childless. Among the Jews this was a reproach to women, because each

loped to be the maternal ancestor of the promised Messiah. Cf. Antigone's lament (Sophocles, *Antig.* 846-876). With maiden blame compare Shaka, *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 8, 9:—
 "The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their sterile curse."

216 Leaving etc. For two months before her sacrifice (according to the poem) she "went with her companions and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains" (*Judges*, xi. 37, 38).

218 promise bower, the hope of marriage and of having children "Bower" has its old meaning of *chamber*.

220, battled, embattled. Old Fr *embastiller*, to furnish with fortifications. The word has no etymological connexion with battle.

223 saw flame, saw God cleave the darkness asunder with the lightning flash Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i. 34: *Disruptis igni coram nubila divulsis*, 'Jupiter dividing the clouds with glittering fire.' Cf. *Mand.* Part I. i. v. "I heard The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night"

226, everlasting hills, a Biblical expression, and therefore appropriate in the mouth of a Jewish maiden See Bible, Genesis, xlix. 29

227, 228, I heard illa. I heard God's voice speaking to me in the thunder, and I was so strengthened by it that my grief was turned into a feeling of superiority to all human illa.

231. How beautiful etc Cf. Horace, *Odes*, iii. 2. 13, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, 'A sweet and comely thing it is to die for one's country'

231. I subdued me, I subjected myself Me is reflexive.

233. I fell, I was sacrificed.

236. Sweetens the spirit, takes all bitterness from my heart

238, 239 Hew'd Minneth. See Bible, *Judges*, xi. 23, 'He smote them (the Ammonites) from Aroer until thou come to Minnith.' Aroer was on the river Arnon (*ib.* 26)

241 locked her lips, i. e. ceased speaking Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 756, "I had not thought to have unloaked my lips"

247. Thridding, passing through. There is a doublet of thread Cf. *In Memoriam*, xxvii. 21 "He thrids the labyrinth of the mind"; and Dryden *Pal and Arc.* 494 "one (the snake) thrids the brake" boskage, thickets, jungle bush which last is the M. E. *brach*, *brak* Shakespeare (*Temp.* iv. 1. 81) has "my bushy acres" and Milton (*Comus*, 313) has "every bushy bourn." Cf. *The Princess*, l. 110, "bosks of wilderness." and Sir John Oldcastle, 122, "green boskage."

257. 218. When . dead. The close of the old year and the coming year are celebrated in England by ringing

the church bells. Shortly before the clock strikes twelve at night the bells stop ringing and begin again when the hour has struck. Cf. *In Memoriam*, cvi. 2, 3:—

“The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.”

See also *The Death of the Old Year*.

251, 252. Rosamond ... be. I am known as the *fair* Rosamond, if now that I am dead, I am still fair. The “fair Rosamond,” daughter of Walter de Clifford, was the mistress of Henry II. She is one of the chief characters in Tennyson’s drama *Becket*, and Samuel Daniel has a poem entitled *The Complaint of Rosamond*, in which, from the lower world, she tells her sad story.

254. see the light, i.e. of the sun; ‘have been born.’ ‘See’ is for ‘have seen.’

255. dragon .. Eleanor. Eleanor of Aquitaine, Henry’s queen, poisoned Rosamond, according to the story. In “dragon eyes” there is an allusion to the sleepless dragon that kept watch over the garden of the Hesperides. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 393-395:—

“Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye.”

Dragon means lit. ‘seeing one,’ i.e. ‘sharp-sighted one’ (participle of Gk. *δέρκομαι*, I see).

257. fallen ... trust, having lost all hope of comfort and all confidence in herself, under her overmastering dread of Eleanor.

259. Fulvia’s. Fulvia was Antony’s first wife, so that Fulvia was to her what Eleanor was to Rosamond. Hence, with her mind full of jealous hatred to Fulvia, Cleopatra substitutes her name here for Eleanor’s as a sort of type of “the married woman.” It might be put, “You should have clung to *your* Fulvia’s waist.”

261-3. With that etc. As I heard Cleopatra’s indignant words, the morning beams gradually acted upon my brain and put an end to the mysterious state of sleep. folded, enclosed and secluded from outer things.

263. The captain .. sky. The morning star, which presided over his dreams at their commencement (see ll. 54-56).

266, 267. her ... head. Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, who, after her father’s unjust execution (hence “murdered”) in 1535, got his head taken down from London Bridge, kept it as a sacred relic, and died with it in her arms.

267. Joan of Arc. The Maid, who, in 1428, led the French army to victory, raised the siege of Orleans, defeated the English general Talbot at Patay, and saw Charles VII. crowned at Rheims. She was afterwards captured and burnt at the stake as a witch in 1431.

271. her.. death. Eleanor, of Castile, wife of Edward I., who knew how true it is that Love can vanquish the fear of Death (for herself). Edward had been stabbed by the poisoned (?) dagger of a Saracen assassin, and the story was that she sucked the poison from the wound, and so saved his life.

273 No memory sight. As men make strong efforts to recall to their minds great thoughts that they have forgotten, but of which they now and then get an inkling; so I, with equal effort, tried to collect and enumerate every little sound and sight, however indistinct Cf *Harold*, v 1 —

101

"Our waking thoughts
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disappointed"

277. With what—how eagerly. This double exclamation in a single sentence is a Greek construction. The English idiom would be. "With what a dull pain was I encompass'd, and how eagerly did I seek" etc

291. As when etc., i.e. "I lamented as when" etc Cf "Tears, idle tears" that rise in "thinking of the days that are no more" (*The Princess*, iv. 25)

291. 8 Because heat As choice herbs, that are culled and eaten to cool the fever-parched tongue, but which fail from their very sweetness to do so effectually, become themselves withered, and leave the body still a prey to its fever, so all words, however carefully selected, fail to recall the bitterness of feeling that is mixed with the sweetness, and hence do not give the full expression of the emotion, while the heart is overcome by the strength of its own feelings Cf *Fable, Psalms*, xxxix 2, 3 "I was dumb with silence and my sorrow was stirred My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned"

MORTE D'ARTHUR

INTRODUCTION

This poem was first published in 1842

King Arthur had been made the hero of so many fictitious adventures by the romancers and poets of the Middle Ages that the belief was long held by many writers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that he was an entirely mythical personage. Modern investigations, however, have proved that Arthur or Artus, was the name of a sixth century war leader of the old divisions of Britain known as Cumbria

in which "nothing new was said"; and the *Morte d'Arthur* is represented to be the only remaining fragment of the larger work. One of the friends, parson Holmes, had been lamenting "the general decay of faith right through the world," and it is as a kind of answer to his despondent talk that *Morte d'Arthur* is read aloud.

In *The Epic* and in the lines added at the conclusion of the original *Morte d'Arthur*, and again in the dedication *To the Queen* at the end of the last Idyll, Tennyson tells us of the moral purpose he has meant to infuse into his great work. The Arthur herein depicted is no mere reproduction of Geoffrey's or Malory's chivalric hero, and the interest of the poem does not lie in its being a picture of old times such as would please an antiquarian. Its purpose is to typify the continual struggle in man's heart between the lower and the higher instincts of his nature. It shadows "Sense at war with soul," evil fighting against good, and overcoming it. But the triumph of evil is short-lived. Excalibur may indeed be cast away and vanish from the earth, for, in the moral as in the physical world, without change there can be no progress. But "Arthur will come again," and new weapons from heaven will be given to the champions of Truth in successive generations. The old faith that Arthur was not dead but would return, healed of his wound, to help mankind, has its counterpart in modern Optimism, which looks forward to the steady improvement of the human race and its advance towards higher and nobler conditions.

It will be observed that the *Morte d'Arthur* is more closely modelled on Homer than are any of the Idylls. In fact, in the concentration of the interest on the hero, in the straightforward simplicity and martial terseness of the narrative, as well as in the strong vigour of its Saxon diction, this poem stands quite apart and in marked contrast to the great series in which it was subsequently inserted.

NOTES.

The incidents in Arthur's career that immediately preceded his death are briefly these. The queen, Guinevere, had left the king's court, and fled to hiding at the nunnery of Amesbury, owing to the discovery by the treacherous Modred, the king's nephew, of her love for Lancelot. King Arthur had gone to attack Lancelot in the north; during his absence Modred had raised a revolt, and had had himself crowned king. The king marched south, and pursued Modred to the west coast. On his way he stopped at Amesbury, and had the farewell interview with the repentant queen so beautifully described in the Idyll of *Guinevere*. Arthur's host came up with that of Modred on the extreme south-west coast, and in the ensuing battle, Arthur slew

Modred with his own hand, but was himself mortally wounded in the encounter. The poem commences at the point where Arthur has just given and received the fatal blow.

1. So all day long. "So" = "as above described," and calls attention to the fact that the poem is supposed to be but a fragment of a larger work.

3 King Arthur's table, the knights of the Round Table, i.e. of the order of knighthood established by King Arthur. The order is said to have taken its name from a large round table at which the king and his knights sat for meals. Such a table is still preserved at Winchester as having belonged to King Arthur. Some accounts say that there were 150 seats at this table.

any unchaste person who happened to sit in it. (Lancelot The

by which was always empty, unless it was occupied by the Holy Grail.

Other kings and princes besides Arthur had Round Tables. In the Reign of Edward I., Roger de Mortimer established a Round Table.

beginning —

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the king, as if he were

Their conscience and their conscience as their king "

man by man, one after another.

"A fund of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again."

The name is sometimes written *Leonoys*.

NOTES.

6. The bold Sir Bedivere. 'Bold' is what is called a 'permanent epithet,' since it is nearly always used along with the name of Bedivere. So, in Homer, Achilles is always 'swift-footed,' and in Virgil, Æneas is always 'pious,' and in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, William of Deloraine is always 'good at need.' In *The Coming of Arthur* (175, 176) Bedivere's boldness shows itself specially in his defence of Arthur's right to the throne:—

"For bold in heart and act and word was he,
Whenever slander breathed against the King."

7. the last, the only survivor.

9. chancel, the eastern and most sacred portion of a church, formerly always separated from the main part of the building by a screen of lattice-work (Lat. *cancelli*, cross-bars).

Notice how the scenery typifies the condition of Arthur. His noble life and lofty purpose are in ruins like the broken chancel and cross: he lies on the narrow border-land between the ocean of Life and the great, vague 'water' of Eternity.

10. strait, a narrow tongue of land; the word is more usually applied to a narrow passage in the ocean.

12. a great water. Since the poet wishes to represent the general impression produced by the view from the chapel, he avoids all detail, and uses the vague words 'a water' instead of 'a lake.' The beholder would not at first sight notice whether it was a lake or a broad river; all he would be conscious of would be a spreading sheet of water of size and shape unknown; and the picture is presented to the reader just as it would first strike the eye of Sir Bedivere. Subsequently, where no such instantaneous impression is depicted, the words 'mere' and 'lake' are used. Cf. *Derwentwater*, *Gala Water*, etc.

14. The sequel, what follows as the result of this day's fighting, unsolders, disunites, breaks into pieces. *Solder* (from the same root as *solid*) is a kind of metallic cement for uniting the surfaces of metals; it is often composed of zinc (or silver) and copper. It is sometimes spelt and pronounced *sodder* or *sawd*.

15. fellowship, confederation, united band (of knights round a table).

16. Whereof ... record, of all the fellowships of such a sleep. The comparison of death to sleep is very common in Homer, Vergil, and other classical poets. Thus Homer, *xi.* 241, has κοιμήσατο χαλκεον ὕπνον, 'he slept an iron sleep.' Vergil, *Æneid*, x. 745, *ferreus urget somnus*, 'an iron sleep down his eyes,' and Mosehn's ἀτέμνονα νύκτερον ὕπνον, 'less sleep that knows no waking.' See also Tennyson's *Uranian*, lxxviii. 2, "Sleep, death's twin brother," and Homer's "Ἕπνῳ ... κασιγνήτῳ θανάτῳ (*Iliad*, xiv. 231),

on sanguineus Leti sopor (*Æneid*, vi. 278). So in the Bible, *Acts*, vii. 60, Stephen "fell on sleep," i.e. died. Cf. *cemetery*, literally 'sleeping-place.'

21. Camelot, the city where Arthur held his court, now

lines beginning—

"O brother, had you known our mighty hall,
Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago"

22. I perish made, my life, and with it all my noble
purposes, is brought to ruin by those whom I was the first to
arm into one people. See *The Coming of Arthur*, 15-19.—

"But as thou lovest to make that legend true—"

23. Merlin, 'the great enchanter of the time,' the famous
magician of the Arthurian legends. "According to the

venge. "The true history of Merlin seems to be that he was
born between the years 470 and 480, and during the invasion of
the Saxons took the name of Ambrose, which preceded his name
of Merlin, from the successful leader of the Britons, Ambrosius
Aurelianus, who was his first chief and from whose service he
passed into that of King Arthur, the southern leader of the
Britons" (Morley, *English Writers*, i.) Merlin is represented in
Merlin and Vivien as the son of a demon and also as "the great
Enchanter of the Time," and again as

"the most famous man of all those times,
And yet I am the son of a demon."

His prophecy regarding Arthur's second coming is mentioned in *The Coming of Arthur*, 418-421 :—

“ And Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn,
Though men may wound him, that he will not die,
But pass, and come again.”

The Idyll of *Merlin and Vivien* gives an account of Merlin's fate. See also Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Isolt*.

24. let what will be, be, whatever my future may be.

27. *Excalibur*. Arthur's magic sword. In Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, ii. 3, the Lady of the Lake who had given Arthur the sword says, “The name of it is Excalibur, that is as much as to say Cut-steel.” According to the English romance of *Merlin*, the sword bore the following inscription :—

“ Ich am y-kote Escalabore,
Unto a king a fair tresore”;

and it is added :—

“ On Inglis is this writing,
Kerve steel and yren and al thing.”

In the French *Merlin* it is said that the name is a Hebrew word meaning ‘tres cher et acier fer,’ which is probably a printer's mis-correction of the true reading ‘trancheer acier et fer,’ ‘to carve steel and iron.’ Roquefort says ‘Ce mot est tiré de l'Hebreu et veut dire tranchefer,’ ‘this word is taken from the Hebrew and means carve-iron.’ Cf. the name *Taillefer*, i.e. ‘Iron-entter.’ Malory, iv. 9, says, “And then he (Arthur) deemed treason, that his sword was changed; for his sword bit not steel as it was wont to do.” The sword and the way it came into Arthur's possession are described by Tennyson in *The Coming of Arthur*, 295-308. The name is also written *Escalibore* and *Caliburn*. Arthur's lance was called *Rone* and his shield *Priddwin*. Arthur had also a second-best sword, *Clarent*; and in *Merlin*, ii. 9, he is described as capturing the Irish King Ryance's “excellent sword *Marandoise*.” Gawain had a sword called *Galatine*.

The notion of enchanted armour is found in many old poets and romancers of all nations. In the *Mahabharata* the magic bow of Arjuna is described under the name *Gandiva*, and Mukta Phalaketu in the *Kathá Sarit Sâgara* (chap. 115) is presented by Siva with a sword named *Invincible*.

The names of some of the most celebrated of these enchanted weapons are given below :—

50. By zig-zag ... rocks. The short, sharp vowel sounds and the numerous dental letters in this line, making it broken in rhythm and difficult to pronounce, are in fine contrast with the broad vowels and liquid letters which make the next line run smoothly and easily off the tongue. The sound in each line exactly echoes the sense; the crooked and broken path leads to the smooth and level shore.

51. levels. The plural is probably suggested by the Latin plural, *acqua*. Or the poet may be hinting that what looks, when seen from the high ground, "a great water," becomes a series of flashing surfaces to the eyes of a man standing on the shore. In *The Lover's Tale* Tennyson has "the rippling levels of the lake."

55. keen with frost, clear in the frosty air. Cf. "The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost," *In Memoriam*, lxxviii. 5.

57. topaz-lights. The topaz is a jewel of various colours, yellow, or green, or blue, or brown. Perhaps from Skt. *tapas*, fire. Jacinth, another form of *hyacinth*, a precious stone of the colour of the hyacinth flower, blue and purple.

58. subtlest, most skilfully wrought, or in a most intricate pattern. Cf. *The Coming of Arthur*, 297-299.

60. this way ... mind. This expression is an imitation of Vergil, *Æneid*, viii. 20, *Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dirigit illic*, 'And he divides his swift mind now this way, now that.' Cf. Homer, *Iliad*. i. 188, *ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ ... διὰ δόξα μεμήριζεν*, 'and his heart within hesitated between two (opinions).'

61. In act to throw, an expression much used by Pope in his translation of the *Iliad*. Cf. *Il.* iii. 349, *ὄρυστο χαλκῷ*, which Pope renders—

["Atreides then] his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw."

63. many-knotted water-flags, reeds, with numerous joints and with long leaves, that wave like flags in the wind.

65. So strode back slow. These words are all accented, and the line thus becomes heavy and slow to pronounce; the rhythm thus echoes the heavy slow steps of Sir Bedivere.

70, l. washing in the reeds—lapping on the crag. It has been remarked that these two phrases mark exactly "the difference sound produced by water swelling up against a permeable impermeable barrier." The water would splash softly through the reeds, but would make a sharper sound when striking against the impenetrable rock. Mr. Churton Collins (*Illustrations of Tennyson*) thinks that these two lines contain "two of the onomatopœic effects in our language." *Lap* means, generally, 'lick up with the tongue, as a dog drinks'; and hence, as

to 'make a sharp sound as a dog does when drinking.' Malory's words are, "I saw nothing but the waters wap (i. e. beat) and the waves wan (i. e. ebb)." [But in *Le Mort Arthur*, Bedivere answers that he sees nothing

"Het wates depe and waves wanne"

May not the 'wap' in Malory be a printer's error for 'depe,' i. e., 'deep'? If so, 'wan' is also an adjective, as in "wan wave," in *The Coming of Arthur*, 129, and "wan water" in *Gareth and Lynette*, 861.]

73. fealty, a doublet of fidelity

80. As thou art lief and dear Copied from Malory. *Lief* is from the same root as *love*, and means *beloved*. Shakspeare (*2 Henry IV.* i. 2 28) has '*alder liefest*,' dearest of all.

81. Counting pebbles In times of grave moment when the mind is absorbed in deep contemplation of some event of surpassing importance the senses often mechanically employ themselves in noticing trifling objects. *U. Mass.*, ii 2 8 15 --

"Strange, that the mind, when fraught
With a passion so intense

85. chased, engraved *Chased* is a contraction of *enchased*, literally, *incased*, or 'enclosed in a case or cover', hence, 'covered with engraved ornament'

87. one worthy note, i. e. 'a thing worthy of note, a notable thing.'

90. Should thus be lost, ought (according to natural expectation) to be lost

91. the bond of rule, the tie uniting the ruled to the ruler, the connecting link between a king and his subjects, which alone makes systematic government possible

94. empty breath, unsubstantial, impalpable report Bedivere is represented in *The Coming of Arthur* as a simple, honest knight who from the first accepts Arthur as an earthly king and does not trouble himself about the doubts and portents that heralded his coming. So here, with but a dim recognition of the

spiritual nature of the King's mission, he deems it all-important to preserve a material memorial of Arthur's life-work.

100. rumours of a doubt, vague traditions of a mythical person.

102. joust (also written *just*), a tournament or sham fight; literally, a 'coming close together, meeting,' from Lat. *juxta*, near, close.

104. maiden of the Lake. Malory thus describes Arthur's first meeting with this lady: "With that they saw a damsel going on the lake. What damsel is that? said Arthur. That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin; and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a palace as any on earth, and richly beseen." The Lady of the Lake is in some of the romances identified with Vivien. Lancelot is called 'Lancelot of the Lake' from his having been educated at this lady's court; see the Idyll of *Lancelot and Elaine*, where the Lady is said to have stolen Lancelot from his mother's arms. In the Idylls the Lady of the Lake is represented as typifying Religion. See *The Coming of Arthur*, 282-293, and *Gareth and Lynette*, 210-219.

108. winning reverence, gaining respectful admiration from his hearers for this romantic story.

109. now ... were lost, would be lost if I were to throw the sword away.

110. clouded with his own conceit, his power of clearly distinguishing right from wrong being obscured by his own false notion. Conceit, conception, notion.

112. And so strode etc. The frequent repetition of single lines should be noticed; it is Homeric.

113. Spoke. Varied from *spake*, above, to prevent monotony. So also Tennyson uses both *sung* and *sang*, *brake* and *broke*.

119. miserable, mean, base.

121. Authority ... will. When the commanding look that inspires awe and obedience passes from the eye of a king, he loses therewith his authority over his subjects. A critic has remarked that this personification (of authority) is "thoroughly Shakespearean; it assists the imagination without distressing the understanding, as when dwelt on and expanded in detail; deepening the impression of the sentiment by giving along with a true thought a grand picture" (Brimley's *Essays*). Cf. Queen Elizabeth's words to Cecil: "*Must*," she exclaimed, "is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word, but thou hast grown presumptuous, because thou knowest that I shall die" (Lingard, *Hist. of England*, vi. 316). Cf. also *Queen Mary*, v. 5:—

"The Queen is dying or you dare not say it."

122. laid widow'd, helplessly bereft. Tennyson uses this bold metaphorical word again in his *In Memoriam*, xvi. 20, "my widow'd race," and lxxxv. 113, "My heart, though widow'd, may not rest," in *Aylmer's Field*, 720, "widow'd walls," and in *Queen Mary*, i. 5, "widow'd channel."

125 offices, services, duty; cf. *Lat. officium*.

128 giddy, frivolous, transient.

130 prosper, do his duty.

and as almost too good for human nature's daily food.
Gumovoro in *Lancelot and Elaine*, 121, 122, calls him

" . . . the faultless king,
That passionate perfection "

133 Then quickly rose etc "Every word tells of rapid, agitated, determined action, refusing to dally with temptation" (Brinley)

136 wheel'd, swung it round over his head.

137, Made lightnings, made a succession of brilliant flashes

139, And flashing in an arch. "A splendid instance of sound answering to sense, which the older critics made so much of; the additional syllable (in the last foot, *in an arch*) which breaks the measure and necessitates an increased rapidity of utterance, seeming to express to the ear the rush of the sword up its parabolic curve" (Brinley)

137 streamer of the northern morn, tongue of light of the *Aurora Borealis*, of which 'northern morn' is a translation. Cf *The Talking Oat*, 275-276. —

"The northern morning o'er thee shoot,
High up in silver spikes"

and Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, iv. 9 —

"Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north."

For similar instances of Tennyson's literal translations of classical expressions, see *Demeter*, 96, note.

✓ 140 moving isles of winter, floating icebergs. Observe how the poet in three lines presents a complete picture of one of nature's grandest phenomena, thus introducing

simile without interrupting the flow of the narrative. Notice the compression of style. shock, collide.

143. *dip*, went below. *To dip* generally means 'to put under the surface'; here 'to go under.'

148. drawing thicker breath, breathing more heavily as being nearer death.

149. Now see I by thine eyes. Arthur had no need now to ask of Bedivere if he had obeyed the command; the expression of the knight's eyes told enough. The sudden exclamation is very dramatic.

155. three lives of mortal men. Homer (*Odys.* iii. 245) says of Nestor that he had been king during three generations of men. In later times Nestor was called *τρεῖς γενεάς*.

166. my wound ... cold. Malory's words are, "Alas, the wound in your head hath caught much cold."

167, 168. half rose, slowly, with pain. The two long syllables at the end of one line, and the pauses after the first and second feet of the next line, admirably represent the slow and interrupted effort of the wounded king to rise.

169. wistfully, with eager longing. *Wistful* is probably a misspelling of *wishful*, from the mistaken idea that it was connected with O. E. *wis*, know.

170. As in a picture, as the eyes of a painted portrait often have a fixed and expectant gaze. Cf. *Æschylus, Agamemnon*, 210, *ὡς ἐν γράφῃ* 'as in a picture' of those who merited a piteous 'in a picture'; and *The Day-Dream*, i. 3:—

"Like a picture seemeth all."

177. nightmare. A fiend or witch, supposed to cause evil dreams. Skelton has "Medusa, that mare" (i.e. that hag).

182. Clothed with his breath, enveloped as by a cloak in a mist caused by his own damp breath clinging round him in the frosty air.

183. Larger than human. Cf. the *Idyll of Guinevere*, 595-597:—

"The moony vapour rolling round the king,
Who seemed the phantom of a giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold."

Cf. also *A Dream of Fair Women*, 87, and note; *The Princess*, vii. 33; *Pelicas and His Four Young*, 448, 449.

185. like a goad. The remorse he felt for his disobedience, and the fear that the king might suddenly die, urged him on as a goad urges oxen.

186. harness, originally, as here, body-armour: from the same

rust as iron. Cf. Bible, *1 Kings*, xx. 11: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

148, bare black cliff clang'd. Observe the alliteration and the number of accented monosyllables succeeding each other, thus representing the successive reverberations of sound. Wordsworth (*Slating*, 39-42) has a passage equally full of sound:—

"With the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron."

based, planted, the word is generally used in a metaphorical sense.

150, dint of armed heels, the trawl of iron shod heels. Pronounce *armed*!

157, hove, was lying. Malory (*xvi* 5) writes, "And when they were at the water-side even fast by the bank hove a little large," Cf. *iv* 28, "where hove the two brethren abiding him," and *xviii* 19, "as he hove in a little leaved wood." *M. P. house, house*, to abide, of which *hove* is a frequentative form. Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, iii. 10. 20, has "Which hove close under a forest side."

157 were, aware, cf. Bible, *Acts*, xii. 6 "They were ware of it."

158, dense, thickly crowded

157, Black stoled. The *stole* was a long burn robe reaching to the feet. Cf. "In stoles of white" (*Sir Gudihart*, 43). With this description contrast that of the *alop* in *The Coming of Arthur*, 374, 375.—

"And all from stem to stern

Bright with a shining people on the decks."

ke a dream. As unearthly and indistinct as images seen in a vision. by these, near to them (were)

159, Three Queens. These three queens are mentioned in *The Coming of Arthur*, 273-275.—

"Three fair Queens,

Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends

Of Arthur, giving on him, tall, with length

Sweet faces, who will help him at his need."

Malory says, "One was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northburgh, the third was the wife of the Waste Land." The three queens are perhaps intended to typify the three great Christian virtues—Faith, Hope, Charity, who help the soul in its battle against evil.

154, shiver'd to the tingling stars, thrilled as it wound round enough the air and reached the stars that trembled in response. *f. The May Queen*, 136.—

"Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars," and *Ænone*, 215:—

"Between the loud stream and the trembling stars."

In reply to the objection that this line "has a touch of exaggeration which belongs to the 'spasmodic' school," Mr. Brimley remarks, "But the cry comes from a company of spirits amid mountains whose natural power of echo is heightened by the silence of night, the clearness of the winter air, and the hardening effects of frost. Such a cry, at such a time, and in such a place, would thrill from rock to rock, from summit to summit, till it seemed to pierce the sky in a hurtling storm of multitudinous arrow sounds, and die away in infinitely distant pulsations among the stars."

202. where no one comes. "The mournfulness of the feeling a man would experience in such a place, from the sense of utter isolation and sterility, is blended with the naturally sad wail of the wind over a wide waste, and the addition thus becomes no mere completion of a thought of which only part is wanted for illustration . . . but gives a heightening of sentiment without which the illustration would be incomplete and less impressive" (Brimley). Compare Keats's—

"Undescribed sounds
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds
And wither wearily on barren moors."—285-287.

207, 208. rose the tallest... fairest, rose above the others in height as she stood. Malory says, "Morgan le Fay . . . that was as fair a lady as any might be."

210. complaining, lamenting. Cf. *The Lady of Shalott*, 120:
"The broad stream in his banks complaining."

213. like the wither'd moon, like the moon when its light is fading before the early beams of the rising sun. Cf. *Fatima*:—

"Faints like a dazzled morning moon."

Also Shelley, *Ode to the Skylark*, 13-16:—

"Keen as are the arrows Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows In the white dawn clear."

215. greaves, armour for the lower part of the legs. cuisses, armour for the thighs; Lat. *coxa*, thigh. dash'd with drops of onset, splashed with drops of blood from the encounter. Cf. *The Princess*, v. 157, 158:—

"Though dashed with death,
He reddens what he kisses."

"Onset" is a very generic term, poetic because removed from all vulgar associations of common parlance, and vaguely suggestive not only of war's pomp and circumstance, but of high deeds also and heroic arts, since onset belongs to mettle and

daring; the wool, for vast and shadowy ornaments, is akin to Merlin's great abstraction, "Far off his coming shone," or Sir Ivo's "Where the earthquake doom taught her young ruin" (Broken Noel in *The Contemporary Review*). Cf. *Æneas*, 144, "I shot my sight," and *A Dream of Fair Fieona*, 115, "The bright dew's quiver'd at the victim's throat," and *The Last Tournament*, 511:—

"Behold her body with her wild embrace."

216. Light and brilliant, fair in colour and shining. Arthur is described in *The Coming of Arthur*, 227, 229, as "fair beyond the race of Britons and of men."

217. Like a rising sun. The fair knight looks are compared to the sun surrounding the disc of the rising sun. Cf. *Maline, Par. Lost*, in *Æneas*:—

"Of beaming sunny rays a golden bar
Circled his head, and less his looks behind
Illustrates on his sword-belt."

Arthur is then described in *The Last Tournament*, 670-673:—

"That radiance of the Papas shined in hall,
His hair, a sun that rised from off a tower
Like hill more high to heaven, the sword his eyes,
The golden beard that circled his lips with light."

Cf. *Telamon*, 54.—

"Thy dam curls knolls into sunny rings."

In *Merlin* we have "her sunny hair" and "her head running over with curls," and see *Æneas*, 54, and note.

218. Right from the dais-throne, as he sat on the tower elevated on the dais or platform. *Dais* is from the same root as *due*, and meant originally a gown, then a sword-plaquet, then a "high table" or throne, and finally the raised platform on which a high table or a throne stands.

221. Flashed thro' the firm, as a brilliant meteor glances across the sky.

224. my forehead and mine eyes. This definite specification of separate items, instead of using the general term 'face,' is true to the Homeric pattern; see l. 122.

225, 226. the light ... myrrh. Arthur is compared with the star in the East which appeared at Christ's birth to the Magi, or Wise Men, and led them to Bethlehem, where they presented to the new born Child offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. See *Ellis, Matthew*, in 11.

228. Image of the mighty world. "Also Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of the roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world's guided by right. For all the world,

favourites of the Gods were conveyed without dying (see *Ulysses*, l. 63); also the tales of the "Flying Island of St. Brandan." Many legends tell of various enchanted islands, and the names of a number of them may be found in the *Voyage of Maeldune*.

260, 261. Where falls...loudly. Cf. the description of the abode of the Gods in *Lucretius*; also the accounts of Elysium in Homer, *Odys.* iv. 566, and *Lucretius*, *De Rerum Nat.* iii. 20, and Bion, iii. 16; and of Olympus in Homer, *Odys.* vi. 42-45.

262. Deep-meadow'd, a translation of the Greek βαθύλειμος, 'with rich fertile meadows,' Homer, *Iliad*, ix. 151. happy. Cf. Vergil, *Georg.* i. 1, *latus segetes*, 'happy (i.e. plenteous) harvest.' Orchard lawns, grassy plots with fruit-trees growing on them. 'Avillion' is said to mean 'Isle of Apples,' from the Breton *avil*, apple.)

263. crowned with summer sea, ringed round with stormless waves as with a coronet. Cf. Homer, *Odys.* x. 195, *περὶ νῆσον πόρτος ἐστεφάνωται*, 'round the island the sea lies like a crown.' The surrounding sea is elsewhere (*Maud*, iv. 6) called by Tennyson,

"The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land."

Cf. Sir J. Davies, *Orchestra*, 337, 338:—

"The sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle elips her solid waist."

With "summer sea" compare Wordsworth, *Skating*:—

"And all was tranquil as a summer sea."

267 ere her death. The tradition that the swan previously to her death sings a sweet song is one of long standing. See *The Dying Swan*; also Shaks., *Othello*, v. 2, 247, "I will play the swan and die in music," and many other passages. Mr. Nicol says of the *Cygnus Musicus*, "Its note resembles the tones of a violin, though somewhat higher. Each note occurs after a long interval. The music presages a thaw in Iceland, and hence one of its greatest charms."

268. Ruffles her pure eold plume, unfolds her white clear wing-feathers. takes the flood; strikes the water.

269. swarthy webs, alluding to the dark colour of the swan's webbed feet.

270. Revolving many memories. Cf. the Latin *multa animo revolvens*, 'revolving many things in his mind.'

271. one black dot ... dawn, a single speck of black on the bright horizon where the day was dawning. The dawn of the first day of a new year typifies the rise of the new era which was to succeed that of Arthur: from this point

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

4. Because my heart is pure. Cf. the noble passage in Charles Kingsley's *The Roman and the Teuton*, Lect. iii. *ad fin.*: "But it had given him more, that purity of his; it had given him, as it
 , and a free and
 the self-respect
 ch shrinks from

neither God nor man, and feels it light to die for wife and child, for people, and for Queen."

5. shattering. The epithet expresses the succession of blasts that rend the air with their din. shrilleth, makes a shrill noise; cf. *The Passing of Arthur*, 41, 42:—

"From cloud to cloud down the long wind the dream
 Shrill'd."

Also *ib.* 34; and *Demeter*, 60, and note. high, loudly.

6. The hard ... steel, i.e. the swords break against the armour with which they come in contact. brand (from Old Eng. *byrnan*; to burn) is (1) a burning; (2) a fire-brand; (3) a sword, from its brightness.

7. fly, i.e. fly asunder, break up into fragments.

9. lists, ground enclosed for a tournament. The *l* has been appended, as in *whils-t amongs-t*. From old Fr. *lissee*, *lice*, a tilt-yard; low Lat. *liciae*, barriers; probably connected with Lat. *licium*, a thread. clanging expresses the ringing, metallic noises of the fight. Malory (*Morte d'Arthur*, Book xiii.), narrates some of Sir Galahad's deeds of arms.

11. Perfume, etc. Ladies sat in galleries overlooking the lists and scattered flowers, etc., upon the successful combatants. For a description of a tournament, see Scott's *Ivanhoe*, chap. vii. viii. ix.

14. On whom, on those upon whom.

✓ 15. For them, etc., it was the office of the true knight to rescue distressed damsels. Thus Sir Galahad delivered the Castle of the Maidens and its inmates from the seven wicked knights (Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, chap. xliii.).

17. all my ... above, my desires are fixed upon heavenly objects, not upon woman's love.

18. crypt, underground cell or chapel: Gk. *κρυπτεν*, to hide.

21. More ... beam. Grander and more satisfying visions than the sweet looks of ladies shine upon me. See the next three stanzas.

22. mightier, i.e. than those of love.

23. fair, clear of guilt, blameless.

24. virgin, pure, stainless. in work and will, in action and in thought.

25. when ... goes, when the crescent moon sets amid storm-clouds.

29. noise, used here of musical sound, as in *A Dream of Fair Women*, 178.

31. stalls, seats in the chancel of a church or chapel, for the clergy.

31. vessels, the Eucharistic vessels containing the bread and the wine

33 the shrill bell, the bell rung at the elevation of the Host during the celebration of the Mass. At a certain point in the service the officiating priest lifts the consecrated wafer for the adoration of the people.

39. a magic bark, such as that described in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, ii. 6 5, which

"Away did slide,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide."

Similar enchanted boats are mentioned by Arnosto and Tasso.

42. the holy Grail. See Introduction to *Morte d'Arthur*.

43. With folded feet, with feet folded across each other, with crossed feet. stoles, long robes.

44. On sleeping tall, they glide through the air on motionless wings.

46. My spirit bars, my spirit, eager to follow the heavenly vision, struggles against its corporeal prison, as a bird beats the bars of its cage with its wings in its efforts to escape. Cf. *Enoch Arden*, 258, 259:—

"Like a caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away."

As down . . . slides, as the glorious vision glides away into the darkness.

52. dumb. The soft carpet of snow dulls the sound of his charger's hoofs.

53. the leads, i. e. the roofs of the houses, which were covered with lead. Upon these the tempest of hail beats with a crackling noise.

55. a glory, a divine radiance.

59. blessed forms, angelic shapes.

61. A maiden knight, Joseph of Arimathea (see note to l. 79) told Sir Galahad that he was sent to him because "thou hast been a cleane maiden as I am."

63. to breathe, etc., to leave Earth and go to Heaven.

65, 66. Joy, beams, the joys of Heaven, and its glorious regions.

67. Pure lily. The lily in Christian art is an emblem of charity, innocence, and purity. It often figures in pictures of

NOTES.

the Annunciation (i.e. the announcement made by Gabriel to the virgin Mary that she was to be the mother of the Messiah), in which the angel is represented as carrying a lily-branch.

69. And, stricken, etc. Heavenly influences have such power with me that my whole being seems at times to become etherealised. Compare Wordsworth's (*Tintern Abbey*, 41-46) description of Nature's influences:—

“That serene and blessed mood
In which ... we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul.”

73. The clouds are broken, etc. Cf. *St. Agnes' Eve*, 27:—

“All heaven bursts her starry floors.”

76. shakes, vibrates, pulsates.

77. Then move ... nod. So Milton (*Lycidas*, 42-44) represents the “willows” and the “hazel copses” as no more

“Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.”

Cf. also Vergil, *Ecl.* vi. 28, where, when Silenus sings, you might see the tree-tops move (*rigidas motare cacumina quercus*).

78. Wings, i.e. of angels.

79. ‘O just ... near.’ Cf. Bible, *Matt.* xxv. 21, “Well done, good and faithful servant: ... enter thou into the joy of thy lord”; *Rev.* ii. 10, “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.” The “prize” is the Holy Grail. Just before his death Sir Galahad sees the holy vessel with Joseph of Arimathea, who calls to him, “Come forth, the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that which thou hast much desired to see” (*Morte d'Arthur*, xvii. c. 22).

81. hostel, inn; grange, farmhouse, a common Lincolnshire word: originally a barn, from Low Lat. *granca*, which is from *granum*, corn.

THE VOYAGE.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS poem was first published in the *Enoch Arden* volume, 1864. It is included in Palgrave's *Lyrical Poems* by Tennyson; the compiler prefixes to the poem the following explanation of its scope: “Life as Energy, in the great etymological sense of the word—Life as the pursuit of the Ideal—is fitly in this brilliantly-descriptive allegory.”

The failure of this finite world to satisfy the wants of t

19. Ocean-lane of fire, the flaming track or line of light made by the setting sun across the waves: cf. *The Golden Year*, 59: "like a lane of beams athwart the sea," and *Enoch Arden*, 131: "the fiery highway of the sun."

20. pillar d light, vertical rays of light thrown upward by the sun after his disappearance below the horizon: cf. *Ode to Memory*, 53: "a pillar of white light upon the wall."

21. How oft, understand "we saw." purple-skirted etc. Cf. *Lockley Hall*, 122: "Pilots of the purple twilight"

22. slowly downward drawn. Cf. Collins, *Ode to Evening*, 39-40. ~

"O'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

23. the slumber of the globe, the night, when all Nature is sleeping

27. They climb'd as quickly, they seemed to rise to the zenith with the same suddenness with which they had burst upon our sight. rim, horizon of waters

29. naked, in clear outline, undimmed by cloud.

30. houseless, bare of covert. cf. *In Memoriam*, xxv, 9:—

"The moanings of the homeless sea."

31. the silver boss etc., shining bright through a surrounding halo, like a silver boss in the centre of a dark-coloured shield. *Boss*, from the same root as *beat*, is, literally, a 'knob or protuberance'; it is generally used of the large central protuberance of a shield, Lat. *umbo*

32. halo, from *Gk. áλωs*, a round threshing floor, in which the oxen trod out a circular path, is a luminous ring often seen around the moon.

33. peaky islet. Cf. *The Palace of Art*, 113, "hills with peaky tops engrailed." shifted shapes, seemed to continually change its shape as we looked at it from different points of view

37. deep, far.

38. drove, sped. *drive* is often thus intransitively used of the motion of a ship before the wind

40. nutmeg rocks etc. The islands of the Eastern Archipelago, e.g. the Moluccas (or "Spice Islands"), the Philippines, etc. abound in spice-bearing trees. The nutmeg and the clove are both indigenous in the Moluccas, where they are extensively cultivated

41. peaks that flamed etc., volcanoes that shot forth flame, or showers of ashes unbrightened by flame, which threw a dark shade over the flat shore etc.

42. Gloom'd, obscured ; for *gloom* as a transitive verb, see *The Letters*, 2,

“A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,”

and *Merlin and Vivien*, 174, “which lately gloom'd Your fancy.” quivering brine, the sea trembling, as it were, under the lashing of the showers of ashes.

43. ashy rains, showers of ashes from volcanoes which spread out above into strange shapes resembling plumes of feathers or black pine trees. This effect is sometimes produced by the smoke arising from Vesuvius ; see Pliny's letter describing the destruction of Pompeii.

45. steaming flats, low lands, exhaling vapours. floods Of mighty mouth, rivers with broad estuaries.

47. scarlet-mingled, with their dark foliage variegated with red blossoms.

51. At times etc., sometimes the whole surface of the sea burned with light, sometimes the luminous glow would be like our ship had made on the dark waters. This is common in tropical waters and is caused by numerous animalculæ, which, especially when disturbed by a passing ship, emit flashes of brilliant light.

52. wakes, *wake*, originally ‘a passage cut for a ship in a frozen lake or sea,’ is now used of the track of a ship as visible in the water behind it: the word is from the root *wag*, wet.

53. At times etc. In the neighbourhood of the South Sea Islands ships are often hailed by naked islanders in canoes ornamented with elaborate carving, who wish to barter fruits, etc.

56. But we nor paused etc. The mind is not to be diverted from its pursuit after the Truth by any temptations of the material world.

57. one fair Vision, i.e. the Ideal they were striving to reach.

65. And now etc. This stanza describes the different shapes which the Ideal takes in men's minds ; at times men entirely lose any definite conception of what is the *summum bonum* which they would fain realise : at times they see it as a beautiful but vago phantom indistinctly outlined by the imagination ; again, man's highest felicity will appear to some in the more definite and practical shape of steadfast Virtue or attractive Knowledge : while others behold it in the guise of Hope of a Hereafter, beyond the reach of the storms of life ; or, again, as the political and social freedom and equality of all mankind.

69. Idly, vainly, as powerless to harm the mystic figure.

71. the bloodless point reversed, with its point unstained by blood and turned downwards, in token that it had not been and

was not to be used. The freedom held out by the Vision is one to be gained not by sudden revolution or violent war, but by gradual and peaceful progress. Cf. *The Poet*, 41, of Freedom:—

"There was no blood upon her maiden robes,"

xl ib. 53:—

"No sword

Of wrath her right arm whirl'd."

73. And only one etc. There will always be some minds of a basic and material habit, who are content not to look beyond the world as they find it, and who sneer at any lofty thought or striving after perfection as unpractical folly.

81. And never etc. The life that is devoted to the pursuit of ideal truth does not allow its efforts to be checked by the ordinary obstacles that bar man's efforts.

87. We have etc. "The 'counter' to that set with on entering the storm"

85. For blasts etc. In the actual world advance is fitfully promoted or delayed by casual causes that make for or against it; but the progress of thought in the mind of the idealist is independent of his surroundings and is steadily urged by a own energy towards attainment, whatever be the opposition set with from without.

87. whirlwind a heart of peace At the centre of a cyclonic storm, round which the wind revolves, is a dead calm

89. the countergale, the wind blowing from a direction opposite to its first course. The winds at two opposite points on the circumference of a cyclone blow from diametrically opposite quarters: thus a ship, having passed through the centre, before emerging from such a storm meets with a gale 'counter' to that set with on entering the storm

91. Now mate., before No failure of their fellows to realise, or of themselves to attain the ideal truth can discourage the aspirants

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

(IN ENYA)

INTRODUCTION

This section is a translation of

which is in the

It is possible to

may call — W. L. D. D. D.

daughter, Persephoné, was gathering flowers on the plain of Enna, in Sicily, suddenly the earth gaped, and Aidoneus, or Pluto, in his golden chariot, rose and bore off the maiden to be queen of the lower world. The place where he opened for himself a passage through the earth was said to be marked by the fountain Cyane. Disconsolate at her disappearance, Demeter wandered over the earth, of all inquiring tidings of her lost daughter. Discovering at length what had happened and that it had taken place with Zeus's sanction, she abandoned in her wrath the society of the gods and came down among men. There, under the guise of an old woman she nursed the infant son of an Eleusinian princess; but meanwhile the earth yielded no produce, for Demeter would suffer no increase. Then Zeus, missing the gifts and sacrifices of men, yielded, and it was arranged that Persephoné should spend two thirds of each year with her mother, and the remaining third with her husband Aidoneus. Hermes was sent to conduct Persephoné back from Hades, and she and her mother passed the time in delightful converse, and the earth once more bore its wonted fruits.

Persephoné is described by Homer as the wife of Hades (i.e. Pluto), and the formidable, venerable, and majestic queen of the Shades. The story of her abduction by Pluto is not referred to by Homer, but is first mentioned by Hesiod (*Theog.* 914). The Homeric hymn in honour of Persephoné contains perhaps the earliest narrative of this event, which became a favourite theme with succeeding poets. Ovid has related it (*Met.* v. 341, etc.; *Fast.* iv. 417, etc.), and Claudian (*De Raptu Proserpinae*). Demeter was called Ceres, and Persephone Proserpina (or Proserpine) by the Romans.

The story is doubtless an allegory, Persephoné, carried away to the under-world, representing the seed-corn when it lies concealed in the ground; and Persephoné, restored to her mother, representing its reappearance above the soil. Or, more generally, she may be regarded as the symbol of vegetation, which shoots forth in the spring and summer, and the power of which withdraws into the earth at the other seasons of the year.

Tennyson, however, touches but lightly upon this phase of the story. It is incidentally alluded to in the lines (96, 97) where the great Earth-Mother is described as

"the Power

That lifts her (the Earth's) buried life from gloom to bloom," and again in the closing words of Demeter, where, addressing Persephoné, "Thou," she says,

"Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,
Shalt ever send thy life along with mine
From buried grain thro' springing blade."

Tennyson's view is rather to make the Resurrection of Persephone, when gods and men believe

"The Life that had descended re-arise,"*

To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,
Not spread the plague, the famine."

are to succeed to the sovereignty of Heaven, and "all the Shadow" is to "die into the Light"; so a new and happier

With this poem may be compared Jean Ingelow's verses entitled *Light and Shade*. Aubrey de Vere has a poem on the same subject.

NOTES.

1. a climate-changing bird, a bird of passage. The simile is a strikingly appropriate one, for Persephone had changed the climate or "state" (see L. 7) of Hades for that of the earth, she had passed across the darkness of the lower to the light of the upper world; and she had come back to her native land. Cf. *The Passing of Arthur*, 38, 39 —

"Like wild birds that change
Their season in the night"

And *In Memoriam*, cxx. 15, 16 —

"The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and breed"

2. threshold, margin, border. The word in Middle English is *threshrold* = *thrash wood*, the piece of wood that is thrashed or beaten by the feet of men.

4. can no more, can do no more, is quite exhausted, thou canst etc. Iambic throughout is with -ing her daughter Persephone

* Note the stately rhythm of this line

and because, since dreams are sent by Zeus, he, as the ἡγήτωρ
 δρεῖπων (leader of dreams), conducts them to man. The regular
 epithet of Hermes was πομπαῖος, 'escorting the souls of the
 dead'; he was also called ψυχοπομπός, 'conductor of souls.' Cf.
 Wordsworth, *Laodamia*, 18: "A god leads him (the phantom
 Protesiláns), winged Merenry."

6. Eleusis, a town of Attica, in Greece, famous for the great
 festival, called the Eleusinia, held there in honour of Demeter
 and Persephone.

8. hither, i.e. to Enna, a town of Sicily, surrounded by a
 beautiful plain. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 268-274:—

"Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers
 Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
 Was gathered which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world . . .
 . . . might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive."

10. clouded memories, memories clouded or dulled by her
 later sad experiences.

11. thy lost self. Her old consciousness was to be revived
 by the old surroundings. A sudden nightingale saw thee = on
 a sudden a nightingale saw thee.

12. Saw thee, and flash'd etc. Note how admirably the strong
 accent on *flash'd* and the trochaic run of the rest of this line
 express both the suddenness and the joyousness of the bird's
 song. See General Introduction, p. xix, (β). Sean:

"Saw thee, | and flash'd | into | a frólic | of sóng."

13. a gleam, a gleam of the new dawning consciousness.

16. That shadow of a likeness. Cf. Jean Ingelow, *Light and
 Shade*, 103-105:—

"The greater soul that draweth thee
 Hath left his shadow plain to see
 On thy fair face, Persephone!"

16, 17. the king of shadows, Pluto, the king of the ghosts or
 spirits of the dead. Homer calls him ἀναξ ἐνέπων, king of those
 below.

19. human-godlike. The emphatic word is human. He
 divine eyes had once more the light of the cheerful human world
 in them, which before had been shadowed by the gloom of Hades.
 For this compound, cf. *Lucretius*, 90, 'human-amorous.'

20. Burst from etc., broke out from a floating cloud
 wintry-gray colour. Cf. *The Gardener's Daughter*, 256, 257:—

"The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars"

Vergil (*Georg.* i. 397) calls clouds *tenuia lanæ vellera*, 'thin fleeces of wool.' Cf. Lucan, *Pharsalia*, iv. 124: *vellera*, 'fleecy clouds.'

21. his day, his full radiance.

22. 'Mother!', the cry of Persephone, as the old consciousness returns.

23. disimpassion'd, that have lost the passion they once possessed. The word implies more than 'unimpassioned.' Cf. 'disproved' and 'unproved,' 'disarmed' and 'unarmed.' *Dispassionate* occurs in *A Character*, 23. Tennyson often prefers the prefix *dis-* to *un-*; thus he has *didinked*, *disrooted*, *dishorsed*, *dryoke*. This is one of many references in Tennyson to the notion of *passionless* duty. Thus in *Lucretius*, 79, the gods are spoken of as "center'd in eternal calm."

24. the serpent-wanded power. The god Hermes, whose attribute was the *caduceus*, a rod entwined with two serpents. With it he conducted the souls of the dead to Hades.

25. Draw, move slowly. Cf. l. 112, "drew down," and *Crossing the Bar*, 7, 8:—

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home"

Cf. 'to draw near,' 'to withdraw.' drift, is here 'thing driven', cf. 'snow-drift.' The spectres were driven along by a wind. Cf. *The Passing of Arthur*, 31, where Gawain's ghost is "blown along a wandering wind." Dante (*Cary's, Purg. V*) represents the spirits as arriving "before the ruinous sweep" of "the stormy blast of hell."

26. flickering, unsteadily gleaming through the darkness

27. race, running waters, swift tide. Cf. *mill-race*, the current of water that drives a mill wheel. Phlegethon, one of the four rivers of hell. The name means in Greek 'burning'; cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 540, 541:—

"Fierce Phlegethon,

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.

28. life, living being, living principle. Cf. *Enoch Arden*, 75, "Like a wounded life."

29. childless cry, cry caused by her childlessness. Note the transferred epithet.

30. abate, on barge, in a barge. Cf. 'abed,' 'ashore,' etc.

31. that brighten etc. Cf. *Maud*, l. xii. 6, "Her feet have

touched the meadows And left the daisies rosy"; and *Ibid.* l. xxii. 7:—

"From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes."

See l. 48, etc., below; and cf. *Ænone*, 94: "at their feet the crocus brake like fire," and note.

37. black blur, patch of dark earth on which no grass would grow. *Blur*, a stain, is another form of *blear*, to dim, as seen in *blear-eyed*.

38. that closing chasm. See Introduction. According to one story, Pluto opened a passage for himself through the earth by striking it with his trident.

39. *Aïdoneus*, Pluto. It is a lengthened form of *'Aïdōs*, Hades, which in Homer is invariably the name of the god, but in later times was transferred to his abode or kingdom, so that it became a name for the lower world itself.

43. yawn... into the gulf, open and disclose the chasm that it revealed before.

44. shrilly, poetic for *shrill*. So *stilly* for *still* ('the stilly night'—Moore), *vasty* for *vast* ('the vasty deep'—Shakspeare), *steepy* for *steep* ('the steepy cliffs'—Dryden). Tennyson has *dully* (adjective) in *The Palace of Art*, 275.

46. midnight-maned, with manes black as midnight.

47. Jet, dart, spring; Old Fr. *jetter*, Lat. *jactare*, to fling.

50. the crocus-purple hour, the time purple with crocuses; the spring-tide of bloom. See l. 36.

53. cubb'd, having cubs. Cf. *bearded*, *slipperd* (Shaks.), *landed*, *moated*, *moneyed*—all adjectives formed from nouns by the suffix *-ed*.

54, 55. gave Thy breast to, i.e. gave suck to, suckled. thy, the breast that had suckled thee.

56. set the mother waking, caused the mother to wake.

57. whole, hale, recovered. The *w* is a late (A.D. 1500) prefix to this word.

60. shrill'd, sounded shrilly. Cf. *Sir Galahad*, 5: "The shattering trumpet shrilleth high." Also *The Passing of Arthur*, 34, 42; *The Talking Oak*, 68; *Enoch Arden*, 175.

61-4. We know not, i.e. we know not where your loved one is. Nature, with her wind and wave voices, seems to sympathise with the bereaved mother, but it is with an unreasoning, unconscious sympathy, which only adds to her feeling of desolation.

64. Where? i.e. where is my loved one?

67. I stared from every eagle peak. Cf. Keats, *Sonnet xvi*:

"Like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific . . .

Silent upon a peak in Darien"

eagle peak, peak haunted by the eagle, and so, lofty.

... a shoulet of thread

wood."

heart, interior

72. forlorn of man, deserted by mankind Cf. *Æneid*, 15,
"forlorn of Paris" Milton (*Par. Lost*, 2, 921) has "forlorn of
them."

74. grieved for man etc., in the midst of my grief at your loss,
I pitied man's miserable condition.

75. The jungle etc. With this picture of desolation compare
that portrayed by I'ope in his *Windsor Forest*.—

76. shaft, column, pillar; let something *sharpen*, a smooth
stick or pole,

80. following out, traversing to the end

82. a gleaming rift, a bright rift or break in the darkness
from near, to tear asunder

84. we spin etc. The three Fates, or Parcae, were the
goddesses of that fatal loom of mankind. They were generally
of whom,
e, to "spin
of scissors

87. as the likeness etc. Alluding to the stories of the spirit
form of a person appearing at the hour of his death to a distant
friend, as a warning of the dying man's approaching end

89. friendship, friend; abstract for concrete.

90. the God of dreams. See note to l. 5.

93. The Bright one, Zeus or Jupiter. Zeus, says Max Müller, is the same word as the Sanscrit *Dyaus*, derived from the root *dyu* or *div*, to beam; while *dyu*, as a noun, means principally sky and day. (*Lectures on the Science of Language*, Vol. ii. Lecture x.)

94. the Dark one, Pluto. Zeus and Pluto were brothers, being sons of Kronos and Rhea. the lowest, the lowest region or Hades, just as the highest is the highest region or Heaven.

96. Earth-Mother. The name Demeter means 'Earth-Mother' (*δῆ or γῆ μήτηρ*), though Max Müller would connect *De* with *Dyāwā*, the Dawn. For the literal translation of a classical expression, cf. "tortoise" for *testudo* in *A Dream of Fair Women*, 27; "northern morn" for *aurora borealis* in *Morte d'Arthur*, 139, and *Talking Oak*, 275; "mother-city" for *metropolis* in *The Princess*, i. 111; "triple forks" for *trisulcum* (*fulmen*) in *Of old sat Freedom*, 15.

97. That lifts etc. Demeter was regarded as the protectress of the growing corn and of agriculture in general.

102. Their nectar etc. Nectar (=deathless) was the drink, and ambrosia (=immortal) the food of the gods. smack'd of, tasted of; probably connected with *smack*, a sounding blow, or "a sound made by the sudden separation of the tongue and palate in tasting" (*Wedgwood*). Hemlock and aconite are poisons.

103. tasted aconite, had the taste of aconite; a Latinism; cf. *sapere mare* (Seneca), to taste of the sea. Cf. Homeric Hymn, 49-50.

105. their hard Eternities, these unfeeling Immortals. 'Their Eternities' is used as we say 'their Excellencies' of an Ambassador or a Viceroy. Cf. 'this Darkness' (l. 114) for 'this Dark one' or Pluto.

106. quick, fast-flowing.

110. Rain-rotten died, etc. Notice the alliterated compound; see General Introduction, p. xx. With this picture compare Shakspeare's in *Mid. Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 93, etc. :—

"The green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard;

.
Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose."

112. Pale at my grief. Cf. Shaks. *Henry V.* iii. 5. 17-8 :—

"On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns."

113 *Ætna*, a mountain in Sicily, apparently not an active volcano in Homeric times. For sickening, of the sun, cf. Campbell, *The Last Man*, 11: "The Sun's eye had a sickly glare"; and "a sickly sun" in *Aylmer's Field*, 30

115 still, ever

116 fallow, ploughed land left untilled; so called from its colour of pale yellow. The *fal* in *fallow* is the same as the *pai* in *pale*.

117 steam, the Homeric *αἶψα*; cf. Homer, *Iliad*, i 317: *αἶψα δ' εὐπάρῃ ἱερὸν θυσιόεντα καπνὸν ἀνέβη*, 'the steam (of the sacrifice) went up to heaven in a rolling cloud of smoke.' In the

"Blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God"

119 nine white moons, i.e. nine bright happy months See

past in bridal white "

121 by the landmark, i.e. on the border of his land.

121 grange, farmhouse. See *Sir Galahad*, 81, note

129. to bear us down Cf. the prophecy of Prometheus in Æschylus, *Prom. Bound*, 928, etc. *ἤ μιν ἐν Ζεὺς ἔσται κατενός*, etc., 'Verily Zeus shall yet be brought low' etc

130. As we bore down etc. Kronos and his brothers, the Titans, held the sovereignty of heaven, till they were dispossessed by his son, Zeus, and a new generation of deities Cf. Keats, *Hyperion*, passim

131, 132. the thunderbolt the plague Among the Greeks, Zeus was the hurler of the thunderbolt, and Apollo was the infliker of plagues.

133. To send the noon etc. Cf. Vergil, *Æneid*, viii 243-246 —

"As if the earth, gaping through some force within, were to unlock the infernal abodes and throw open the pale realms, hateful

to the gods; while the vast abyss should be visible above, and the shades tremble at the entrance of the light."

136. the Shadow, the shadowy realm, the darkness.

138. grew beyond their race, reached a higher development than that of their fellow-men; rose superior to ordinary human instincts.

139. against, in encountering, in their opposition to.

141. Queen of Death. See Introduction.

148. The Stone, the Wheel. The punishment of Sisyphus in Hades was to roll continually to the top of a hill a large stone, which fell back as soon as it reached the top. The punishment of Ixion was to be tied to a perpetually whirling wheel. Cf. *Lucretius, ad fin.* :—

"A truth

That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
And numbs the Fury's ringlet snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell."

149. that Elysium, a region of green meadows and purling streams in the infernal world, where the souls of the virtuous were placed after death. The poet calls its lawns "dimly-glimmering," as being lighted by no bright earthly sun. The word *that* here means 'the well-known,' and implies dislike and repudiation; it implies 'which you shall have escaped from for ever.'

151. field of Asphodel. The ἀσφοδελὸς λειμῶν, or asphodel meadow, was the haunt of the shades of heroes in Hades. See Homer, *Odyssey*, xi. 538, 539;—

ψυχὴ δὲ ποδῶκος Ἀλκιδᾶο
φοῖτα μακρὰ βιβῶσα κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα;

'The spirit of the swift-footed Achilles roamed with great strides over the asphodel meadow.' The asphodel is our King's-spear, a plant of the lily kind. Cf. *Æneid*, 95, and *The Lotus-eaters*, 170:—

"Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel."

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